

# POEMS

AND

## PLAYS.

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BY

MRS. WEST,

AUTHOR OF "A TALE OF THE TIMES," "A GOSIP'S STORY," &c. &c.

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Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre;  
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?  
No, let the heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,  
To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd.

BEATTIE.

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VOL. I.

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ADELA;  
OR,  
THE BARONS OF OLD:  
A TRAGEDY.

---

What the lofty, grave Tragedians taught  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions, and high passions best describing.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LORD CONWAY.  
HERBERT (*under the as-  
sumed name of ALBERT*)  
THEODORE  
MORDAUNT  
BERTRAND

OSBERT  
GUISCARD

WOMEN.

ADELA  
GERTRUDE

SCENE, Lord Conway's Castle, and its Environs.

*Time—Twelve Hours.*

## ERRATA.

### VOL. I.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Line.</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read.</i>
vii. ....	6 ....	dramatist .....	<i>dramatists.</i>
31 ....	2 ....	shrine .....	<i>shrines.</i>
127 ...	14 ....	grateful .....	<i>graceful.</i>
128 ...	15 ....	place a comma after <i>aloft</i> , and delete that at the end of the line.	
131 .	<i>penult.</i> .	<i>soi</i> .....	<i>soil.</i>
136 ...	17 ....	E'er .....	<i>E'en.</i>
160 ...	15 ....	posies .....	<i>pansies.</i>

### VOL. II.

5 ....	2 ....	I am .....	<i>You are.</i>
32 ....	1 ....	at needle .....	<i>at her needle.</i>
35 ....	11 ....	unites .....	<i>unite.</i>
78 ...	14 ....	brother's .....	<i>mother's.</i>
84 ....	8 ....	pathos .....	<i>bathos.</i>
86 ...	18 ....	gratitud .....	<i>gratitude.</i>
95 ...	15 ....	expect .....	<i>expects.</i>
132 ....	2 ....	lordship .....	<i>lordship's.</i>
... ..	10 ....	is good .....	<i>is a good.</i>
225 ...	.. ....	The asterisk in the 20th should have been placed at <i>satyrists</i> in the 19th line.	
231 ....	5 ....	Seek .....	<i>Speak.</i>
234 ...	12 ....	provincial .....	<i>Provençal.</i>
243 ....	8 ....	their parting .....	<i>a parting.</i>
252 ....	2 ...	May .....	<i>My.</i>

## PREFACE

TO

### *THE PLAYS.*

---

**T**HE tragedy of Adela was offered to the manager of Drury-lane Theatre about three years ago, and was declined, from an opinion of its being unlikely to succeed upon the stage. It afterwards met with a similar rejection from the manager of Covent Garden; to whom also the Comedy was presented this winter, and was likewise refused.

The author does not complain of ill-treatment in either instance. Her knowledge of stage effect is too limited to allow her to question the propriety of this decision. Her plays may have some radical defect, which would at all times have excluded them from a successful represen-

tation. Repeated experience must teach the directors of theatrical amusements what will please; and, independent of any other motive, they must feel anxious to bring forward such pieces as are most likely to produce emolument. To Mr. Harris in particular, the author wishes to present her public acknowledgments, for the favour not only of a polite and candid reply, but also of a very early perusal.

By soliciting the attention of the public to her works through another channel, she does not mean to insinuate that she considers them as models of correct taste. Her opportunities of visiting the theatres have not been frequent; but from the perusal of several performances, which are said to have been received with *unbounded* applause, she cannot so entirely subdue the emotions of self partiality, as not to own, that she thinks something different from plot, character, sentiment, or moral, secured a favourable reception in the instances she alludes to, or the managers would not have feared the *total* failure of the pieces which accompany these volumes.

In the slight strictures which follow, she hopes candour will acquit her of being soured by disappointment, by recollecting the general censure which many sensible intelligent people have cast upon the present state of our stage. It has been said, that with very few exceptions, the dramatist who would prefer pleasing through the medium of the understanding, to the construction of eye-traps, must appeal to the press as the only vehicle by which they can hope to escape from total oblivion. The charge of bombast, pageantry, and unnatural inconsistent horrors, has been proved against tragedy; and comedy labours under the strong censure of confused plot, exaggerated character, and buffoonery. The legends of the nursery may allowably entertain as an after-piece; but that in the metropolis of the British empire, an intelligent audience should, at this refined period, derive their *whole* evening's amusement from exhibitions which, on perusal, a tolerably well-informed child would think contemptible, is a fact which must strongly excite the indignant feelings of those who recollect the

former honours of our stage, or ever peruse the splendid remains of our native bards.

This degradation too takes place at a period when the eyes of all Europe are turned upon England, as being the magnanimous defender of the endangered cause of religious principle and social order; at a time when the public pulse beats high to the practice of every manly virtue; when the managers spare no cost in expensive embellishments; when there is a more improved idea of propriety and costume; and when many of our performers are allowed to be models of correct exhibition in their respective lines. Surely it becomes a British public (conscious of its possessing such powers, and that it is so conspicuous amongst the nations of the earth) to remove every stain which may tarnish its resplendent reputation.

If from considering the drama as the mere criterion of the taste of the age, we elevate our ideas to those superior uses which are supposed

to have influenced the legislators of all polished nations to patronize theatrical exhibitions, how very serious are the reflections that crowd upon the mind. That the present period is momentous, beyond any which the changes of the last twelve hundred years have witnessed, is frequently affirmed. If we believe that our children will look back to us with reverence, and contemplate the exertions that we now make with astonishment; if we feel our present dangers, and anticipate our posthumous fame, surely we should be willing to call in every auxiliary which would nerve our courage and elevate our minds. That the stage might be consecrated to this purpose, is obvious to all those whose imaginations are not impervious to the skilful combinations of action, decoration, melody, and sentiment. Appeals to history would but confirm this fact; and it is perverting the drama from its noblest intention, to dedicate it solely to the purpose of unmeaning buffoonery, or more unmeaning astonishment. The hero who willingly perishes in the cause of true glory; the patriot warmly attached

to the interests of his country; the martyr of principle, who willingly suffers in the cause of conscience; the villain, wretched and detestable, even when prosperous; and the good man, tranquil and enviable in distress; these are objects, which, when properly inforced by the Tragic Muse, must give a desirable (perhaps a permanent) elevation of mind to every beholder; and may not Thalia find ample subjects for ridicule in the lesser absurdities of our wonderful system-builders? may not sportive irony lawfully seize upon that strained liberality, that mock generosity, that false honour, and all those grotesque combinations of qualities which our new moralists exhibit, and contrast them with the really amiable virtues of domestic life? Surely a fairer field for instruction as well as entertainment is here opened, than the monsters of Gothic superstition, or the no less non-existent monsters which comedy now presents under the surreptitious name of *modern manners*, can supply. Our amusements and our character would then coalesce; our tears would invigorate our virtues,

and our laughter would correct our principles, instead of vanishing like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

But if the products of our native stage be thus ridiculous, the imported merchandize excites a more just alarm. The dreadful tendency of the German dramas has been pointed out by several able writers; but by none with more justness than by an anonymous essayist in the Gentleman's Magazine for last January, who properly notices, amongst other faults, the highly indecorous levity with which they introduce the name of that awful Being, who ought never to be alluded to but with the most profound reverence, to inforce some important serious truth. Offensive familiarity becomes impiety, when we recollect that the author of all purity and truth is frequently appealed to, to justify violations of his own precepts, and to invalidate the authority of his revealed will. If we would see the effect of these audacious blasphemies against our Maker, these libels upon all governments, these

pasquinades upon the moral virtues, these denunciations of every Christian excellence, these institutes of every vice, look at the continent of Europe. The avidity with which they have been read, and the celebrity enjoyed by their authors, may be considered as certain omens which foreboded the dreadful calamities of the present times.

The general character of the English nation seems to forbid the introduction of such pieces upon our stage; but when it is remembered, that the poison is sometimes most artfully concealed, and that the public attention is continually directed to them by repeated translations, high encomiums upon their beauties, or very qualified censures of their faults, may it not be feared that in our rage for something new and unnatural, we should suffer the demons and monsters of philosophism to succeed the demons and monsters of romance; and that our rage for extravagant sentiment, and extraordinary incident, may terminate in our ceasing to reprobate the actions

of "Brother Maurice," or our hearing Beaumarchais thank God for "having *given* man revenge," without shuddering at so manifest a contradiction of the revelation which we as a nation acknowledge proceeded from the Deity?

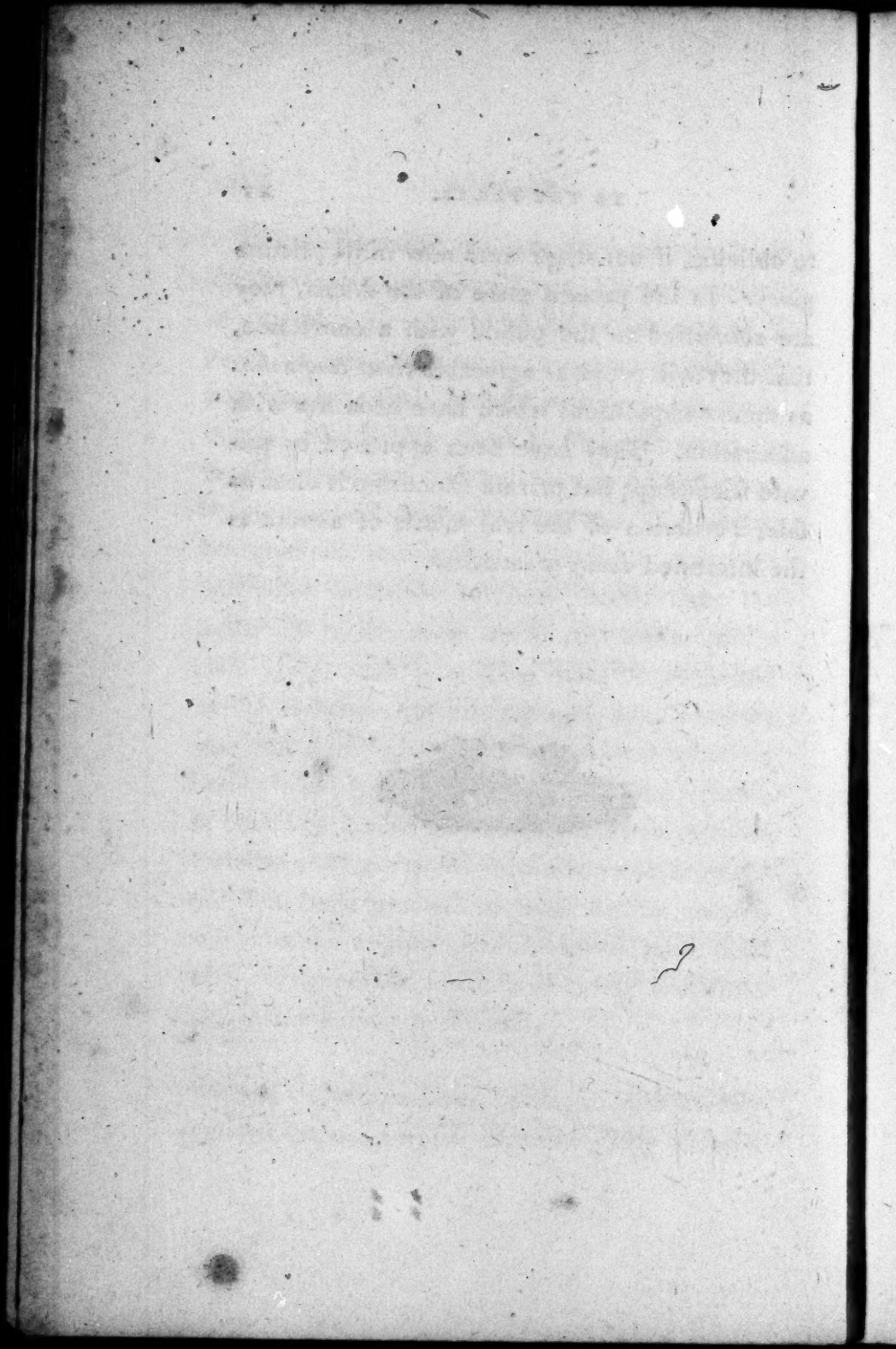
It would require no great degree of erudition to shew, that these pieces are as contemptible when considered as compositions, as they are pernicious in their tendency. Their moral defects afford a more substantial reason for their being reprobated with abhorrence, in a country where by the blessing of Providence the prevalence of French principles has received a timely check. May the dreadful period be still far distant, when our amusements shall be converted into engines for our destruction; and may our rulers, in their care for the security of the body politic, carefully watch against the introduction of that seed of immorality which generally ripens into anarchy, sedition, and every public ill! Such is the prayer of one whose attachment to her native country has not yet yielded to the disputable name of universal philanthropy.

Warmed by that attachment, could she hope that her feeble voice would sway the public mind, she would urge them to be Britons even in their hours of relaxation, and to confine buffoonery and parade to their proper province—the farce, instead of suffering them to dethrone the lofty heroic queen, or the gay painter who sketches “the manners living as they rise.” It would be invidious, and indeed difficult, to point out particular instances of these faults, from the multitude which must strike any reader of recent plays; such puerilities must be corrected by the audience, not the manager, who is merely the organ of the public, and selects what he knows will please. The writer of these remarks is not such a visionary projector as to suppose that this change can be *immediate*; the degradation has been gradual, so must be the reform, unless some mighty genius should arise, and with Shakesperian force new model our taste into instantaneous perfection.

These reflections are, perhaps, injudiciously prefixed to pieces which might be justly doomed

to oblivion, if our stage were now in its pristine glory. In the present state of the drama, they are submitted to the public with a conviction, that they will prove as agreeable *closet companions* as some compositions which have been *seen* with admiration. They have been approved by private friendship; but private friendship is often as false a criterion of the real merits of a work as the interested *vanity of an author*.





## PREFACE

TO

### *THE POEMS.*

---

THE applause which the public have so liberally bestowed on the prose works of this author, has encouraged her to request a candid reception of a small collection of miscellaneous poems. Whatever may be their defects, she can at least boast that they contain nothing offensive to the principles of pure taste and sound morality.

Disdaining to apply to those meretricious assistants which sometimes procure an evanescent reputation, she boldly declares that she would rather sink into oblivion, than owe one plaudit to faction, licentiousness, or infidelity. She recollects the golden æra, when the muse was es-

teemed to be an entertaining companion and an instructive tutor; and she regrets the voluntary degradation that has almost banished poetry from the society of rational well-disposed minds. From those who have been accustomed to view it in its highest state of exaltation, she solicits lenity, and entreats them to peruse her book with the conviction, that the author does not pretend to a more elevated character than that of affording such amusement as cannot possibly vitiate the morals, inflame the passions, or pervert the understanding of an inexperienced mind.

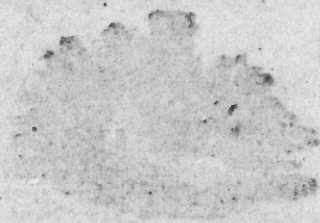
The author's idea of the temerity of her undertaking, and the prospect which it presents to her, cannot be more accurately expressed than in the following quotation from Dr. Goldsmith's dedication of his poem, called "The Traveller." Her reasons for publishing poetry, with such prelusive warnings, would lead to a wide irrelevant discussion.

" But of all kinds of ambition, as things are  
" now circumstanced, that which pursues poeti-

“ cal fame is the wildest. What from the in-  
 “ creased refinement of the times, from the  
 “ diversity of judgments produced by opposing  
 “ systems of criticism, and from the more preva-  
 “ lent diversities of opinion influenced by party,  
 “ the strongest and happiest efforts can expect  
 “ to please but in a very narrow circle.”



The town is a small village, situated in the heart of the country. It is a beautiful spot, with a fine view of the surrounding hills and valleys. The town is well known for its fine scenery and its pleasant climate. It is a popular resort for the summer months, and many people come here to enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful views. The town is also known for its fine food and its friendly people. It is a place where you can relax and enjoy the simple pleasures of life.



# ADELA.

---

## ACT I.

---

### SCENE I.

*A Platform before the Castle, which is seen at a distance.*

*Enter GERTRUDE (from the Castle.)*

GERTRUDE. *(A great Shout.)*

**T**HAT shout proclaims the tournament is ended:  
And now the chiefs, who emulously strove  
To gain from Adela the radiant prize  
Due to successful valour, must submit  
Their lofty hopes, and own a rival's triumph.  
My father, ever welcome! say, who conquer'd?

*Enter OSBERT (as from the Lists.)*

OSBERT.

Thy wishes are fulfill'd. Young Albert's arm  
Has baffled opposition. Trust me, Gertrude,

This graceful stranger is no humble youth,  
 Sprung from obscure original, the founder  
 Of his own fortunes, and to fame unknown.  
 The tale he tells belies his innate greatness :  
 Some titled house to him intrusts the honours  
 Drawn from a line of noble ancestry,  
 Himself the noblest; nor have yonder lists  
 Witness'd his first great enterprize in arms.

GERTRUDE.

Did not Lord Mordaunt with regret resign  
 The prize he deem'd his own ?

OSBERT.

The haughty Earl,  
 At the commencement of the tourney, foil'd  
 All who oppos'd him. Round the lists he rode ;  
 With threat'ning gesture and insulting voice  
 He dar'd the bravest knight upon the plain  
 To meet in martial sport. Vex'd at the taunt,  
 Young Albert graceful rose : an ardent blush  
 Flam'd on his cheek ; he flung his gauntlet down,  
 And cried, " I come, renowned Earl, to prove  
 " Thy dreaded prowess. Ye assembled peers,  
 " Decide between us, and decree the prize  
 " The heart that beats with virtuous emulation  
 " Disdains malevolence."

GERTRUDE.

There spoke the hero  
Magnanimous and brave. But say, what further  
Chanc'd between him and Mordaunt?

OSBERT.

Inly griev'd  
At the brave challenge, the proud Earl refus'd  
To hold contention with an unknown youth,  
Dubious of character, of rank obscure.  
Our master's soul was mov'd; with generous warmth  
He own'd th' insulted Albert for his guest,  
Whose skilful arm had sav'd his only son,  
Heir to his house—

GERTRUDE.

And stranger to his virtues.

OSBERT.

Thus all evasion vain, Mordaunt prepar'd  
To meet his foe; who, soon accoutred, sprang  
On his proud steed, and spurn'd him to the charge.  
Erect he sate—no goodlier knight e'er shone  
In tilting field or feat of chivalry.  
Now graceful round the lists with course oblique  
The warriors flew, now in fierce conflict clos'd

Contended stern. At length the haughty Earl  
 Seem'd fainting; by his heavy helm o'erpower'd,  
 His head dropp'd lifeless; whilst his fiery horse  
 Restive disdain'd his burthen. At that moment  
 Brave Albert leap'd on earth, and kind sustain'd  
 him,

Till his attendant train with powerful drugs  
 Recall'd his wand'ring senses.

GERTRUDE.

Righteous Heaven!  
 Thus didst thou humble arrogance!

OSBERT.

My child,  
 His sharpest pang is yet untold. I mark'd him  
 When the grave judges rising all proclaim'd  
 Albert's success, and led him to the throne  
 Where, beaming beauty, innocence, and grace,  
 Thy mistress smiling sate. I saw the Earl,  
 Then when around the kneeling youth she tied  
 The scarf of snowy hue, on which her hands  
 Had form'd the purple amaranth and the rose,  
 Heaven shone in her sweet visage; in her lover's,  
 The hell of envy, jealousy, and rage,  
 Was equally apparent.

GERTRUDE.

O my father !

Why cannot Theodore, our master's son,  
Imbibe the virtues of his brave preserver ?  
Why does he curse the arm that sav'd his life  
From bands of outlaw'd mûrd'ers ?

OSBERT.

Would to heav'n  
Some sportive elf had chang'd the slumb'ring babe  
Unseen, and on the stock of Conway grafted  
A bastard cion ! With what honest zeal  
Would we eradicate the spurious branch  
That shades the fruit of fair nobility,  
And blasts with poisonous growth the blooming  
hopes  
Of lovely Adela, the grace, the flower  
Of this illustrious stem !

GERTRUDE.

And must it be ?

Must a stern brother, tyrannous in temper,  
And cold of heart, controul a sister's love ?  
Do none of all the gallant youths who languish  
To gain her charms deserve her, but Earl Mor-  
daunt ?  
Must he be Adela's espoused Lord ?

She fam'd for gentle virtues; he renown'd  
 For vices by his station made apparent,  
 And long hereditary honours stain'd  
 By his ignoble deeds. And can Lord Conway,  
 The happy father of the angel fair,  
 Still doom her all reluctant to the arms  
 Of this detested man?

OSBERT.

Sway'd by his son,  
 He sees not half his faults; yet his great heart  
 Is just to Albert's worth. He gives command  
 That you, attended by the virgin choir,  
 Should meet the pomp returning, and recite  
 The gratulating song our bard compos'd,  
 Relieving the sweet measures with your harps;  
 That you should crown young Albert with your  
     wreaths,  
 Performing all the honours you design'd,  
 Had the Earl conquer'd.

GERTRUDE.

Gladly I obey.

OSBERT.

Retire, my child, for see Lord Theodore  
 Comes with his friend; this way they shape their  
     course.      [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

THEODORE and MORDAUNT.

THEODORE.

THANK heaven, at length we have escap'd the  
tumult,  
And my big heart may now disclose its sorrow.  
Here, by the radiance of yon solar orb,  
By my soul's dearest hopes, by all thy wrongs,  
I swear revenge.

MORDAUNT.

—Tis for revenge I live.  
Vanquish'd, unhors'd ! O unexpected shame !—  
It was the chance of war which overwhelm'd me ;  
But prejudice decided. Death and hell !  
I should have triumph'd had th' audacious youth  
Flung his gage sooner ; but the coward waited  
Till my tired arm had lost its usual strength.  
I who have vanquished heroes, now subdued—  
And by a beggar, by a sycophant,  
Nourish'd by Conway's bounty. But I'll bear it—  
I will not grow a railer, nor sit down

With love-lorn maids, and beldames garrulous,  
To talk of cruel wrongs.

THEODORE.

Thou dost not think  
The accidental rescue Albert's sword  
Afforded, can supplant our ancient friendship,  
Cherish'd from boyish days? I tell thee, Mordaunt,  
I hate thine enemies, esteem thy friends.  
Are we not one? Has not my father sworn,  
And dost thou think he will forget his promise,  
To give thee Adela? His transient wonder  
At this bright wandering meteor soon shall cease,  
Whilst thou, restor'd to all thy former splendor,  
Shalt reign transcendant here.

MORDAUNT.

O false prediction!  
Weak flattery of friendship! Every hour,  
Conway, with new infatuation charm'd,  
Perceives fresh virtues in this wondrous youth,  
Didst thou not mark his eye of ecstasy  
When he pronounc'd his conquest? Didst not hear  
With what an emphasis and swell of praise  
He rais'd his deeds? I, pale and shivering, stood  
Trembling with pain and rage, yet scarce obtain'd

One courteous look, or cold acknowledgment  
For unsuccessful valour.

THEODORE.

Calm thy transports;  
Too much they shake thy agitated frame.  
Albert shall fall—

MORDAUNT.

What sayst?—

THEODORE.

He shall be banish'd,  
And give an awful warning by his fate  
To all low-born adventurers. 'Mongst our vassals  
I rank a youth devoted to my will;  
He shall attend him, watch his secret actions,  
And gain from thence, if possible, some clue  
To implicate him in apparent guilt.  
My father is impetuous in his passions,  
And easily incens'd. Trust me, Earl Mordaunt,  
Tho' Albert wears the semblance of the dove,  
He hides a lurking serpent in his bosom.

MORDAUNT.

Thy thoughts accord with mine: by art, vile art,  
He first obtain'd admission to this castle.

The hero waited in the covert shade  
 Till all your train had fall'n a sacrifice  
 To arm'd banditti, and yourself o'erpower'd,  
 Senseless and faint, seem'd sinking to the grave :  
 Like a rous'd lion then, he issued forth  
 Mighty to save ; what prodigies of valour  
 Did his great arm atchieve, himself alone  
 Witness to its exertions ; heaps on heaps  
 The murderers fell. Such is his plausible tale.  
 I rather think, as captain of the band,  
 He shar'd your spoils, and now comes forth to  
                   claim  
 Reward as your preserver.

THEODORE,

                  Would to heaven  
 That I had perish'd in yon lonely copse,  
 Rather than ow'd my life to Albert's arm !—  
 But he shall die !—the measure of his crimes  
 Shall soon be fill'd !—

MORDAUNT.

                  Art thou indeed resolv'd ?  
 Will not the honours that thy father yields  
 To his success, and thy soft sister's tears,  
 Dissuade thee ?

## THEODORE.

Tears, my Lord! what dost thou mean?  
 The noble Adela disdains to weep  
 For such a wretch as Albert.

## MORDAUNT.

Yet her heart  
 Is fill'd with gentle passions; and the brave  
 Oft move the fair to pity.—But she comes—  
 I will retire, the vanquish'd are unwelcome.—  
 Farewell, thou only friend of injur'd Mordaunt!

[Exit MORDAUNT.]

THEODORE *solus*.

And if I fail thee, may the riven earth  
 Ingulph me for a wretch! Unhappy man!  
 Yet surely love misguides his better judgment,  
 Why did he name the tears of Adela?  
 His look shot through my soul.

## SCENE III.

THEODORE and ADELA.

ADELA (*speaking to her Attendants without.*)

LEAVE me, my maidens,  
 I have some private business with my brother.—  
 My Theodore!

THEODORE.

Your looks are full of meaning;  
 And if I rightly read them, you would say  
 With what reluctance you bestow'd the prize,  
 Awarded by the judges, partial men,  
 Sway'd by blind chance instead of high desert.

ADELA.

Why should my Theodore suspect he holds  
 So little interest in his sister's love?  
 The man that sav'd thee from th' assassin's sword,  
 Who bore thee to us lifeless in his arms,  
 Who watch'd thy couch through a long month of  
     sickness,  
 Soothing the anguish of thy festering wounds  
 By sweet discourse, or heavenly minstrelsy,

Can ne'er want merit in my grateful eye.  
 I tied the scarf around him with delight ;  
 For my proud heart was anxious to express  
 Its sense of obligation.

THEODORE.

Precious sense !

And well according with the cast of virtues  
 To which your sex pretends. Yet, grateful maid,  
 It better had become the plighted bride  
 Of injur'd Mordaunt to have spurn'd the office.

ADELA.

Whence thy resentment ? No unknightly art  
 Stole a disgraceful conquest ; and shall valour  
 Depart unrecompens'd from Conway's castle ?  
 Shall a brave stranger rescue from destruction  
 The heir of Conway's honours, and receive  
 Not favour but oppression ? Grant the youth  
 Bred in the cot of lowly poverty,  
 Let him have justice.

THEODORE.

Justice he shall have.

But go, prepare thy bridal ornaments,  
 Thy vest with silver starr'd, and gauzy veil

Transparent as the filmy gossamer;  
 And let thy maids, each on her palfry plac'd,  
 Attend thee—

ADELA.

Whither?

THEODORE.

To St. Hubert's shrine:  
 There Mordaunt will await thee, there exchange  
 His nuptial oaths with thine.

ADELA.

What means my brother?

THEODORE.

To be the guardian of his sister's fame,  
 To drive suspicion from a hero's breast,  
 By healing all the wounds that chance inflicted.  
 Yes, Adela, thy plighted lord complains,  
 That the fond wishes of his love-sick heart  
 Have been delay'd, till hope itself is cold:  
 He says, the glowing blushes on your cheek  
 Fade to a deadly paleness when he woos;  
 You weep; the tears you shed are not of love,

But fix'd, inexorable, sullen scorn;  
Scorn of your brother's friend.

ADELA.

Oh! if thy heart  
Can feel for anguish, shun this hateful theme:  
Thou know'st I am most wretched.

THEODORE.

Wretched, saidst thou?  
A noble Earl, the pride of English barons,  
For twelve long years hath woo'd thee for his bride,  
Yet thou perversely scorn'st the proffer'd good,  
Wasting thy years in vain fantastic sorrows.

ADELA.

Deem not my woes fantastic! In my childhood,  
Pleas'd with your friend, and partial to your wishes,  
My father promis'd his unconscious daughter.  
I liv'd within this venerable pile,  
Safe from the fury of the Barons' wars;  
Whilst he you term my lord, far off engag'd  
In scenes of stern contention, scorn'd to learn  
Those gentler arts that win a woman's love;  
Proud of a power that generous souls would spurn,

He comes to claim a heart he ne'er implor'd:  
 Whilst you, my brother; you, whom heav'n design'd  
 My guardian friend, with subtle influence,  
 Divert my pleadings from my father's ear,  
 And doom me to a tyrant.

THEODORE.

Hell and furies!  
 Yet I'll be patient—and should Mordaunt learn  
 Those *gentler arts* from Albert, should he copy  
 That sycophant's insinuating air,  
 And courtly elocution, would my sister  
 Forget he was her cruel brother's friend,  
 And, graciously benignant, spare her kindred  
 The guilt of wanton perjury?

ADELA.

Forbear  
 Thy harsh, injurious taunts. Fix'd is my doom.  
 Thy sister, Theodore, shall soon appear  
 At Hubert's shrine, not in the flaunting vest  
 Of bridal ornament, but simply rob'd  
 In the chaste vot'ry garb; there will I kneel,  
 And weeping plight irrevocable oaths;  
 But Mordaunt shall not claim them. To my God

Devoted, in the blooming pride of youth,  
 Shut from the world, renouncing every joy,  
 And every hope, till death brings liberty—

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### SCENE IV.

ALBERT, ADELA, THEODORE.

*(Albert kneels to Adela.)*

ALBERT.

ILLUSTRIOUS maid! forgive me, if my tongue  
 Offend by repetition: here again  
 To the dear interests of this noble house  
 Do I devote this arm. You weep, oh! say,  
 Does any injury provoke these tears,  
 And call thy knight's firm service?

THEODORE.

The soft sex  
 Are prone to melt in fancied miseries;  
 The house of Conway does not need an arm  
 Stronger than mine, to guard its ancient honours  
 From all intruders.

ALBERT (*rising.*)

I have often sought  
With earnestness thy friendship; do not thence,  
Young Lord, misdeem me; nor suppose me boastful  
Of merit unpossess'd, if I affirm,  
It will reflect no scandal on thy rank  
To be esteem'd my friend.

THEODORE.

You seem, sir knight,  
Unfortunately liberal of favours  
To those who ask them not. But little souls  
Can ill endure a sudden elevation.

ADELA (*to ALBERT.*)

Be not offended; for my brother's heart  
Now deeply suffers in his friend's ill fortunes;  
And, cross'd by accidents, the gentlest minds  
Will oft appear uncourteous.

ALBERT.

Matchless fair!  
And worthy of thy father, cease thy terrors:  
Receiv'd beneath this hospitable roof,  
Grac'd by distinguish'd favour, shall this heart  
Turn recreant, and offend the worthy donor

By base ingratitude? No, Theodore!  
 Time will develop all my purposes,  
 And tell thee what I am.

---

SCENE V.

CONWAY, ALBERT, ADELA, THEODORE.

CONWAY.

WHERE stays the hero!  
 Come, flower of chivalry, the banquet waits,  
 The minstrels stay thy coming. What, my son!  
 Cold discontent suits not with festal scenes.  
 Dismiss this gloom, be just to Albert's worth,  
 Although the friend of Mordaunt.

THEODORE.

Sir, your pardon.  
 Train'd by your precepts to the steady practice  
 Of blunt sincerity, I cannot stoop  
 To smooth hypocrisy. I will affirm  
 My friend has not had justice.

CONWAY.

Haughty boy!

Dar'st thou dispute my word? I watch'd the combat,

And well distinguish'd Albert's crest of snow  
 From Mordaunt's sable plume. Oft have I seen  
 Majestic tournaments in Henry's court,  
 When the loud trumpet call'd adventurous knights  
 From every quarter of the peopled earth  
 To cope with English valour. In those lists  
 I dropp'd my gage, and with the worthiest fought,  
 Gaining no scanty honours. Yet I swear,  
 Never in tilting field nor trophied hall  
 Did I behold thy fellow, gallant youth!  
 Where hast thou practis'd, in what martial school?  
 Arms seem to thee but as mere baby toys,  
 Handled at ease.

ALBERT.

To scenes of blood and death  
 Mine eye has been no stranger. I have borne  
 The cross in Palestine, and seen the field  
 Strown with the bodies of illustrious chiefs,  
 Tartar and Saracen; what time dismay  
 And carnage issued from the rescued walls

Of conquer'd Acon: what renown I gain'd  
 Beneath young Edward's banners, nought avails.  
 I to your castle come a peaceful guest,  
 To seek your favour by the gentler claims  
 Of courtesy.

## CONWAY.

And, seeking, hast obtain'd  
 Come forth, my Theodore, and give thy hand:  
 Give it not coldly; let not anger quench  
 The fires of gratitude. Go, seek the Earl;  
 Say, as my guest I honour, as thy friend  
 Esteem him; steadfast in my enmities  
 And in my friendships, sacred will I hold  
 My every promise, and with speed fulfil  
 All obligation. Bid him not to sadden  
 This day's festivity with sullen gloom;  
 He shall be hero of a day more joyous,  
 And claim a dearer name than conqueror.

## THEODORE.

With transport I obey; Albert, thy hand.

## CONWAY.

Why fade the roses on my daughter's cheek,  
 Blasted by sudden tears?

## ADELA.

A transient faintness ;  
 Twill soon be gone—Permit me to retire,  
 And after vespers visit you alone ;  
 There to her father's ear shall Adela  
 Disclose her heart.

## CONWAY.

Support her with thine arm,  
 And lead her to her maidens. Canst thou patient

[*Exeunt ADELA and THEODORE.*

Hear my long tale of woe ? Thou deem'st me  
 happy (*To ALBERT.*)

In a brave son, and lovely duteous daughter,  
 Chaste as the Alpine snow. Alas ! good Albert,  
 Discord hath tost her flaming brand between them ;  
 While the keen sense of former injuries,  
 Endur'd from thankless kings and faithless kindred,  
 Stings *me* to madness—Henry ! in thy quarrel  
 I pass'd my youth in arms, and brav'd the troops  
 Of Mountford and of Gloucester. I had power  
 To prop thy throne when trembling on its base :  
 What could thy flatt'rer, thy smooth Pembroke do ?  
 The silken courtier could not fight thy battles,  
 Though he could fill thine ear with false surmises  
 Against thy faithful soldier.

ALBERT.

Pembroke, said'st thou?  
 The Earl of Pembroke? pardon me, Lord Conway,  
 He *could* not be a traitor.

CONWAY.

Am I Conway?  
 Am I the Baron, who for twenty years  
 Have led a life secluded, shunning all  
 Who seek for courtly favour? Brooding deep  
 On wrongs incurable, have I not seen  
 My honour tarnish'd, and my birthright seiz'd?  
 Albert! I do not doat: age hath not ras'd  
 The memory of injuries so foul.  
 I tell thee, faithless Pembroke was my kinsman:  
 Mask'd in the guise of friendship, he undid me,  
 And now enjoys my spoils. The very earldom—  
 My birthright from my father; dost thou doubt?  
 I will supply thee with the written proofs,  
 And bid thee curse the traitor.

ALBERT.

Generous Conway!  
 A heart like thine, tho' steel'd by injuries,  
 Methinks in time must soften

CONWAY.

Perish first

The house and name of Pembroke! Mighty heaven!  
 Art thou not just, and shall injustice prosper?  
 Fountain of truth! shall calumny prevail?  
 Shall my hoar head be laid with my forefathers,  
 Before my fame is clear'd? Thou seem'st much  
 mov'd;

My wrongs disturb thee; uncorrupted minds  
 Are shock'd at fraud and falshood.

ALBERT.

And wilt thou

Never forgive?—

CONWAY.

Never—but change the theme.—  
 Come, let us seek the castle, and forget—  
 Impossible—there's no oblivious draught  
 Can lull ingratitude's deep pangs—come on—  
 The King is dead—I war not with his ashes—  
 To him I still was faithful—I disdain'd,  
 Spight of my injuries, to rise against him,  
 Or make my wrongs pretences for rebellion.

Oh ! I will tell thee how my artless soul  
Confided in that Pembroke ; how it trusted  
My every secret to his felon craft,  
And arm'd him with the means for my destruction.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

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### SCENE I.

*Without the Castle, close by a Wood; a Monastery at some distance.*

*Enter BERTRAND (disguised like a Shepherd), meeting OSBERT from the Castle.*

BERTRAND.

**H**AIL! and God speed you, father! Gracious  
deign  
To shew a stranger by the readiest path  
To gain yon castle.

OSBERT.

Leaving on the left  
That lofty grove of oaks, direct thy steps  
Close by those scatter'd hawthorns. On the east  
The entrance lies, an open corridor

Surrounds the turret. Go in peace, my friend ;  
 And if thy business will permit delay,  
 Bestow an hour on social revelry.  
 Lord Conway, for his vassals and his kindred,  
 Displays his feast magnificent ; his roofs  
 Resound with joyful harpings.

BERTRAND.

I am bound  
 With letters to a young adventurous knight,  
 Albert his name—canst thou inform me aught  
 Respecting the brave stranger ?

OSBERT.

Not to know him,  
 Were to be ignorant of what best claims  
 Attention and esteem. Agile and brave,  
 He gains the prize in every martial sport,  
 And shines in social life a paragon  
 Of grace and virtue.

BERTRAND.

Blessed is the tongue  
 That dares do justice to a hero's merits.  
 Tell me, who art thou ?

OSBERT.

Conway's seneschal—

May my prompt answer gain thy confidence ?  
 I am grown old, have seen successive changes  
 And various fortunes, but have never wrong'd  
 The man that trusted me.

BERTRAND.

Thy look confirms

The promise of thy lips. \*Good seneschal !  
 I am no rustic shepherd, but a knight,  
 In blood and friendship near allied to Albert.  
 Tell me, doth danger threaten him ? A rumour  
 Hath reach'd me, that thy young lord, Theodore,  
 Views him with eye malign. 'Tis also whisper'd  
 He hath another enemy, an earl,  
 Whom he this day unhors'd. O ! by thy hopes  
 Of heaven, resolve me ; for thy conscious eye  
 Confirms my fears. Should any ill betide him,  
 No common tears will mourn the mighty loss :  
 Rivers of blood will flow, and fearful vengeance  
 O'erwhelm the house of Conway.

OSBERT.

Hear me then,  
 Nor ask me whence my knowledge is deriv'd :

Just are thy fears. The Earl and Theodore  
 Conspire the death of this mysterious hero.  
 I have appointed on this very spot  
 An interview with Albert : here, anon,  
 We may expect him. Stranger knight, to thee  
 I will confide my message, then fulfil  
 A charge my lady gave me, and return  
 Through the close wood by path-ways indirect,  
 And reassume my place, lest some discovery  
 Should thwart my purpose.

BERTRAND.

I accept the task,  
 And may the holy virgin ever bless thee !

OSBERT.

Say to thy friend, the faithful Osbert warns him  
 Instant to fly those towers ; Conway is noble,  
 His beauteous daughter claims her father's worth,  
 But Theodore—alas ! that I must speak  
 The evil deeds of my good master's son—  
 It is the envious Earl who urges him  
 To desperation. Tell the youth a spy  
 Watches his actions. Hide thee in the grove  
 Till he appears.

BERTRAND.

Say, first, what princely fair  
Approaches?

OSBERT.

'Tis the matchless Adela,  
My master's daughter; haste thee to the covert.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter ADELA and GERTRUDE.*

ADELA.

I own it, Gertrude—The untroubled mind  
Can mark the sun-beams length'ning from the west,  
And trace gay visions in the sapphire clouds  
That skirt the setting orb: so cannot mine—  
The dreaded interview hangs on my soul,  
Like the chill mists of autumn: should my father  
Spurn from his knee his supplicating child;  
Should he refuse her last sad prayer, a convent,  
And force her to the altar, there to mock  
The marriage sacrament with vows abhorr'd;

Save me, ye saints, from solemn perjury!  
 Oft have I call'd upon your peaceful shrine,  
 To witness how I hate him.

GERTRUDE.

Dearest lady,  
 Do not abandon hope.

ADELA.

Hope there is none,  
 Unless my father yield.

GERTRUDE.

Is not brave Albert  
 Bound by the favour you this day bestow'd,  
 And sworn to be your knight?

ADELA.

Forbear that theme,  
 What can his aid avail? But dost thou still  
 Believe him nobly born?

GERTRUDE.

Trust to the marks  
 Of genuine greatness, the commanding port,  
 The silent look of conscious dignity,

And every generous sentiment which flows  
Spontaneous from him.

ADELA.

Whither tends thy praise?  
Shall I misdeem the forms of courtesy?  
He only sees me as Lord Conway's daughter,  
And I will view him as my father's friend,  
And Theodore's preserver. Ha! he's here;  
I will avoid him instant—yet the stranger  
From my stern brother meets sufficient scorn.  
He shall not deem ingratitude contagious.  
My father honours him—

---

### SCENE III.

ALBERT, ADELA, GERTRUDE.

ALBERT.

Has blessed chance  
Giv'n the long-wish'd occasion vainly sought  
By ever watchful love? O, heavenly maid!  
Turn not in cold disdain—respectful vows,  
Breath'd from a faithful heart, deserve not scorn—

He who aspires to excellence like thine  
 Can never plead desert: else would I tell thee,  
 A noble lover tenders thee his faith:  
 One who, till he beheld thee, never felt  
 The power of beauty, nor estrang'd his eye  
 From glory's fascinating ray. Thy charms  
 With strong enchantment bind him to this castle,  
 And make him callous to thy brother's taunts.  
 Wilt thou not speak? Be dumb—thus sweetly dumb,  
 And let the melting softness in thine eye  
 Teach my glad heart to hope.

ADELA.

Why urges Albert  
 The suit I *must* not hear, the destin'd wife  
 Of Mordaunt?

ALBERT.

Well I know his fatal title;  
 But I have arms and vassals numerous  
 To vindicate thy right; force shall not give thee  
 A lord thy soul rejects. O! could I read  
 Aright those downcast blushes, and define them  
 As my fond wishes prompt! no haughty earl  
 Should wrong thy softness with insulting claims,  
 No cruel brother triumph in the tears  
 Of unprotected woe.

ADELA.

Wilt thou not blame  
 My weak belief, or think me cheaply won?  
 I have been told, that lover's oaths are bonds  
 Fashion'd in sport; that man, tyrannic man,  
 Boasts of his cruel power to make us wretched:  
 Yet is my heart inclin'd to think thee faithful.

ALBERT.

By all the saints and angels that protect  
 Thy gentle innocence—

ADELA.

Nay, speak not rashly;  
 Vows can possess no power to bind dishonour,  
 And firm integrity requires no tie:  
 I do believe thee; tell me who thou art.

ALBERT.

Hear me, sweet mistress of my future fortunes,  
 And ruler of my soul: I am Lord Herbert,  
 Son to Earl Pembroke. Stand not thus aghast;  
 I do not own my father's enmities;  
 Witness the blood which flow'd for Theodore,  
 Witness the transports of this bounding heart,  
 While I behold thee!

## ADELA.

Canst thou be Lord Herbert,  
 The knight of fame, whose deeds in Palestine  
 Conway with rapture tells, envying thy father  
 The honour of thy birth? Full oft will wonder  
 Subdue his rankling sense of injury,  
 And he will claim thy kindred, till remembrance  
 Comes like a canker on the bloom of May,  
 And his flush'd cheek turns pale.

## HERBERT.

Thy father's soul  
 Is even in anger noble: and can he  
 Coldly resolve to sacrifice a daughter  
 To a fierce son's ambition, and revenge?  
 Can he, with hate implacable, renounce  
 A man who never wrong'd him, or resume  
 Unwrong'd his plighted friendship? No, my heart  
 Reposes in his virtue.

## ADELA.

Oh! I must not  
 Trust thy seductive pleadings, nor forget  
 That thou art Pembroke's son. Unknown I lov'd  
 thee;  
 Admired thy virtues, ere I knew thy lineage,

And sinn'd unconscious of offence. Farewell,  
 We part as friends, as lovers meet no more,  
 For deadly, fix'd, irrevocable hate,  
 Lives in my father's breast.

## HERBERT.

By truth compell'd,  
 Spight of my filial rev'rence, I will own  
 He has been wrong'd, but he shall yet have justice.  
 I have a friend, a friend, my Adela,  
 Whom every British tongue with rapture names,  
 Whom every heart adores—The royal Edward—  
 I was his fellow in the field of arms,  
 Bore the same toils, encounter'd the same dangers,  
 And he esteems his soldier. He shall plead  
 Between the rival houses. Perish earldoms!  
 Perish each claim unjust, which separates  
 The hearts that love hath join'd! Thy sire shall yield,  
 He shall adopt me for his son, and thou  
 Shalt be my bright reward.

## ADELA.

No, never! never!  
 Never, dear ardent youth, will Conway yield,  
 Or haughty Mordaunt abrogate his claims.  
 In vain will royal Edward mediate,

Restore old dignities, or tempt with new;  
 Still will inexorable, deadly hate,  
 Live in my father's bosom.

GERTRUDE.

'Tis with grief  
 I interrupt your conference; but Guiscard,  
 Your brother's confidant, seems on the watch;  
 I fear he will descry you.

ADELA.

I must leave thee—  
 Act as thy virtue prompts; yet, by the value  
 Of thy important life, fly, I conjure thee,  
 These fatal walls, whilst yet thou art unknown;  
 There's not a menial in my father's train,  
 But longs for thy destruction. Fly, my Herbert,  
 And rest assur'd, nor force, nor prayers, shall  
     move me  
 To plight my vows to Mordaunt.

[*Exit* ADELA and GERTRUDE.]

HERBERT (*solus.*)

She is gone,  
 And, like a parting angel, whisper'd peace

In her last accents. Yet, my Adela,  
Spight of thy sad forebodings, I will hope :  
Hope, firm integrity, and conscious truth,  
Shall animate my steadfast soul.

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## SCENE IV.

BERTRAND, HERBERT.

BERTRAND.

LORD Herbert!

HERBERT.

My gallant cousin Bertrand! ever dear,  
And now most welcome.

BERTRAND.

Yet the mournful tidings  
I have to tell, may make the bearer hateful.

HERBERT.

Give me their import, I am firm of soul,  
And need no preparation.

BERTRAND.

Gracious heaven!

Continue to the second Earl of Pembroke  
 Lord Herbert's worth: your mighty father sleeps  
 With his great sires; to you his rights devolve,  
 Thousands of vassals turn their anxious eyes  
 On you as their protector; to your conduct,  
 As one of her hereditary guardians,  
 Your country trusts her freedom and her fame.  
 How wide your sphere of action is diffus'd!  
 How vast your power of making others happy!

HERBERT.

Forbear, my friend—The pangs of nature throb  
 Through all my heart; he was a tender father—  
 Died he in anguish? Did he send his son  
 His benediction?

BERTRAND.

Awful was his exit.

I watch'd his couch and saw his graceful frame  
 Struggling in bitterest tortures; but I spare  
 The sad description.

HERBERT.

Had he mental peace?

Thy look implies denial.

BERTRAND.

Such a scene

Would cool the blood of youth, and check ambition;  
The priest advanced the crucifix, and bade him  
To hope. He turn'd aside and answer'd, Conway!  
I ask'd what commendations to his son—  
Raising his hagard eyes, he wildly answer'd,  
“ I dare not bless him;” a long deep-drawn sigh  
Ensued, and he expired.

HERBERT.

I will endow

A chantry, and appoint sweet requiems for him.  
Rest to thy troubled spirit, my dear father!  
Thy son's first act shall be full restitution.  
Instant I'll seek my sovereign.

BERTRAND.

Nobly purpos'd;

And by forsaking this detested castle,  
Thou wilt relieve my heart of half its terrors.  
When with prompt zeal I prais'd your brave design  
Of visiting your ancient enemies,  
And in the semblance of a stranger guest  
Stealing their hearts from rancorous hate; I hop'd  
Some spark of generous virtue warm'd the bosom

Of your near kinsman: but, alas! the arm  
 You rescued from the grave is rais'd against you,  
 The saviour dreads the sav'd: the mining ivy  
 Saps the broad base of the supporting tower.  
 Even I, who used to glory in the name  
 Of Herbert's friend, abjuring the lov'd title,  
 Now, like some list'ning spy, in sordid weeds  
 Obscurely steal, to ask if yet the plans  
 Of foul ingratitude and bloody hate  
 Have quench'd the radiant light of truth and honour?

HERBERT.

Whom dost thou fear?

BERTRAND.

Mordaunt and Theodore—

HERBERT.

Thou hast endur'd the terrors of the deep,  
 When the waves swell'd to mountains; thou hast  
     view'd  
 Th' enormous crocodile dart on his prey  
 With fangs immense; hast heard the lion's roar  
 Disturb the night; together we have met  
 The dread concussion of the Arab horse,  
 Swift as the winds that sweep their arid sands,  
 And fatal as their pestilential blasts:

We have oppos'd the moon-helm'd Saracens  
 Clos'd in three files compress'd, gloomy as night,  
 And fix'd as Atlas. We have 'scap'd these dangers,  
 And shall we tremble now?

BERTRAND.

Not the vex'd deep,  
 Not all the monsters fruitful Afric breeds,  
 Not Saracen nor Arab horse condens'd  
 In firm array, or aiming distant war,  
 Are half so dreadful as the human heart  
 That feels revenge instead of gratitude:  
 I know thy danger certain; and, divining  
 That thou wouldst need assistance, I have brought  
 A pick'd assortment of thy feudal bands;—  
 Beyond that wood they wait thee.

HERBERT.

I will trust  
 To better means of safety than their swords.  
 But what hast thou discover'd of my danger?

BERTRAND.

Enter with me yon grove, I'll tell thee all;  
 For see, the tyger kindness cannot melt,  
 Nor merit charm, approaches to disturb us.

[*Exeunt* HERBERT and BERTRAND.]

## SCENE V.

*Enter THEODORE and GUISCARD.*

THEODORE.

'Tis as thou say'st; he plunges in the wood,  
 And fears to meet me: but 'twas ever thus—  
 Treachery requires concealment; or, perchance,  
 Late parted from the tender Adela,  
 He may prefer retirement, to indulge  
 Love's day-dreams, and compose some tripping  
     couplet,  
 Fraught with quaint wit and am'rous flattery.

GUISCARD.

I would his purpose were so innocent.  
 Did you, my gracious lord, observe the shepherd  
 Who follow'd him?

THEODORE.

I did not. Was he one  
 Of our dependants?

GUISCARD.

I remark'd his features,  
 Tho' cautiously conceal'd; he is no rustic;

That garb belies him. I remember him  
 At Edward's coronation. First he rode  
 In Pembroke's gorgeous cavalcade, and bore  
 The chief device.

THEODORE.

Now, by my soul, I see it!  
 Our cursed enemy employs this Albert,  
 This smooth-fac'd champion, this tongue-doughty  
     knight,  
 To pry into the secrets of our house,  
 To sow dissension in our family;  
 To charm my easy sister to forget  
 Her kindred, and her fame, till we become  
 Hated and scorn'd like him. Go, call thy fellows,  
 Bring fire, bring axes, we'll surround the wood,  
 And drag the lurking miscreants into day.  
 Furies and death! brav'd in our own domains!

[*As GUISCARD is going, enter HERBERT.*]

## SCENE VI.

HERBERT, THEODORE, GUISCARD.

HERBERT (*advancing to THEODORE, who draws his  
Sword.*)

Two hours have scarce elaps'd, since, joining  
hands,

We plighted amity. Why, Theodore,  
This threat'ning posture? Wherefore roll thine eyes,  
Flashing distemper'd rage? Tell my offence.  
I fear thee not.

THEODORE.

Unparallel'd deceit!

Monstrous assumption of integrity!  
Is it no crime, thou smooth-tongued hypocrite,  
For such a wretch as thou art, to intrude  
On the retirement of a noble lady,  
Wounding her ears with thy audacious love?  
I know thee for a spy, a low-born wretch,  
By Pembroke sent to worm into our peace;  
Brib'd by the proffer of some vast reward,  
With fatal zeal thou com'st, in evil hour,  
Destructive to thyself. Seize on him, Guiscard,  
The rack shall force confession.

GUISCARD.

Give thy sword.

HERBERT (*draws.*)

My sword hath been accustom'd to this hand,  
And will not change its master. Ruffian, off—  
Or it shall lay thee breathless. Theodore,  
I scorn thy maniac raving, and disdain  
Thy ignominious charges. I appeal  
To the known justice of the Baron Conway.

THEODORE.

Traitor! thou dar'st not meet my injur'd father.

HERBERT.

I dare, as surely as I am no traitor.  
I am no spy of Pembroke's, but a knight  
Of lineage as illustrious as thyself.  
A numerous party of my vassals, arm'd,  
Wait within call, impatient for my summons,  
To vindicate my wrongs: yet, haughty lord,  
Again I'll rescue thee from sure destruction;  
Truth and my sword shall be my only guards.  
Lead to the castle, I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

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### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

OSBERT and GERTRUDE.

OSBERT.

OFT does the Great Disposer of events  
Bring good from seeming ill: the sympathy  
Of virtuous love may heal the wounds of hatred;  
The kindred families may reunite;  
Their sever'd virtues, in one circlet bound,  
May shed a brighter radiance.

GERTRUDE.

Vain prediction!

But now I heard a strange confus'd alarm  
Of some dire undefin'd conspiracy;  
Lord Conway has assum'd the seat of justice;  
The gallant youth, with Theodore and Guiscard,  
Are pleading earnestly. I left the hall

On seeing you return ; but my dear mistress  
Still waits the event ; she stands a silent image  
Of apprehensive woe.

---

## SCENE II.

ADELA, GERTRUDE, OSBERT.

ADELA.

He's safe, my friend !  
O bend with me in gratitude to heaven !  
My father spares him.

GERTRUDE.

Is the secret known ?

ADELA.

Glowing with conscious dignity, he own'd  
His lineage ; but the honourable Conway  
Disdain'd to be unjust. Support me, Gertrude,  
For I am faint with joy.

GERTRUDE.

What said your brother ?

ADELA.

Enquire not what; for Theodore forgot  
 That the pure gloss of virgin modesty  
 Is by suspicion soil'd. The generous lover  
 Clear'd my impleaded fame, and bravely own'd  
 Himself the warrior Herbert. Every eye  
 Flash'd admiration. In my father's soul  
 A war of passion rag'd: aside he turn'd  
 To hide the starting tear; his friendly hand  
 Seem'd half extended; and his fault'ring voice  
 Could scarcely say, "Art thou my enemy?"

GERTRUDE.

Did Herbert answer?

ADELA.

Gracefully he bow'd,  
 Honouring grey hairs and virtue. "Noble Conway,"  
 He cried, "if thy firm magnanimity  
 "Suspects a traitor, use thy power to punish;  
 "If not, restore me to my liberty;  
 "And thou shalt know thy hospitable roof  
 "Ne'er shelter'd malice and ingratitude  
 "When it protected me."—"Oh, son of Pem-  
 "broke!"

Replied my sire, "perchance my heart may wish

“Thou hadst another father: go in peace,  
 “And cursed be the hand that injures thee  
 “By open violence or secret fraud.”

GERTRUDE.

And is he gone?

ADELA.

I watch'd his parting step,  
 And saw him pass the portal. Yet, methought,  
 As his eye met my brother's and Earl Mordaunt's,  
 It flash'd defiance.—Would I had some friend!

OSBERT.

Behold the faithful Osbert, ever ready  
 To execute your will. At your command  
 I sought the monast'ry. The reverend Prior  
 Consents to interpose the peaceful power  
 With which the church is arm'd, and to dispose  
 The Baron's heart to grant your supplications.  
 He deems your marriage with the Earl unlawful,  
 While your heart loaths the bond; and, till your  
     father  
 Can be appeas'd, admits you to the right  
 Of sanctuary.

ADELA.

'Twill be a sure retreat,  
 Should my oppressors drive me to despair.  
 But haste, good seneschal, o'ertake Lord Herbert;  
 Tell him, though injur'd honour deeply feels,  
 Revenge is not for weak and finite man.  
 Say, that a sister, train'd in virtue's lore,  
 And cautious of reproach, will ever shun  
 A suitor crimson'd with a brother's blood.  
 Tell him to trust in heav'n; in the strange changes  
 By time accomplish'd; in my father's goodness;  
 And—hence, false shame!—in my eternal love.

OSBERT.

I will obey thee, lady.

[Exit OSBERT.]

ADELA.

Is he gone?

I had a thousand charges to repeat.  
 I would have promis'd that my future conduct  
 Should not disgrace his choice: I would have told  
     him  
 How dear his safety to this anxious breast:—  
 But his own gen'rous heart will speak for mine.

## SCENE III.

ADELA, GERTRUDE, THEODORE, MORDAUNT.

THEODORE.

SISTER, if on your guarded privacy  
 I do not break unwelcome, I would ask  
 A moment's audience for my gallant friend.  
 Lovers, when on the eve of their espousals,  
 Claim a soft interchange of mutual vows;  
 But he complains, your maiden coyness wears  
 No sweet abatement; rigour arms your look,  
 As coldly you avoid him.

MORDAUNT.

Teach me, lady,  
 Such courtship as may sooth thy lovely pride,  
 And gratify the woman in thy heart.  
 Ardent of soul, in scenes of glory train'd,  
 I am uncouth of words, and ill adapted  
 To speak in love's soft phrase.

ADELA.

The brave are gen'rous:  
 Wouldst thou, Lord Mordaunt, on a vanquish'd foe

Fix thine insulting foot ? Wouldst thou betray  
 The wretch who clung to thy protecting arm,  
 E'en when the pleadings of her tearful eyes  
 Entreated thee to save ? I am that captive,  
 I am that wretch ; thus prostrate at thy feet,  
 I call on thee to save me.

MORDAUNT.

Rise, sweet lady ;  
 For sorrow arms thee with more dang'rous charms.  
 How must I save thee ?

ADELA.

Save me from thyself ;  
 Rouse on thy side a sense of just disdain ;  
 Give back my scorn ; repay me hate for hate ;  
 Reject a wife who feels not thy deserts ;  
 And I will thank thee, Mordaunt : I will call  
 From yon blue heav'n its best, its purest blessings :  
 Thou shalt be nam'd the friend of the unhappy,  
 The refuge of the friendless.

THEODORE.

Desp'rate girl,  
 To what extremes does thy mad passion drive thee ?  
 Assert your claim, my lord ; if you renounce it,

To save our family from certain shame,  
 She shall be coupled in some loath'd alliance  
 With age, disease, and infamy.

ADELA.

Thy tongue  
 Claims a bold licence, and transcends the bounds  
 Fix'd to thy power: yet hear me, Theodore,  
 And spare thy future taunts; my virgin heart  
 Prefers thy brave preserver, owns the merit  
 Which every tongue applauds. If I have sinn'd  
 Against my sex's honour, or my father's,  
 Accuse, arraign, condemn me.

MORDAUNT.

No, fair maid,  
 The house of Conway judges not your actions,  
 You are ingrafted on a loftier stock:  
 Earl Mordaunt is the guardian of your fame.

ADELA.

Must I, my Lord, repeat my frank avowal?  
 Can you, who might from England's noblest  
     daughters  
 Select some willing beauty, pledge your troth  
 To ever-during hate?

## MORDAUNT.

I cannot shun

The rigour of my fortune, and disdain  
 The weakness of complaint. Twelve years have laps'd  
 Since with your sire I plighted mutual oaths,  
 To be fulfill'd when time matur'd your beauties:  
 That time is come—I claim my promis'd wife;  
 If she, renouncing duty, truth, and shame,  
 Give to her ancient enemy her heart,  
 I may regret, but honour will not yield.

## ADELA.

Call not the motive of thine actions honour.  
 Honour directs the soul to generous deeds,  
 Expands the feeling heart, and breaks the chain  
 Of selfish apathy: it never triumphs  
 O'er the deep agony of helpless woe.  
 But I no longer stoop to ask compassion  
 From the deaf adder and relentless storm;  
 My father scorn'd to wrong an enemy,  
 And he will hear me.

## THEODORE.

Hop'st thou, wond'rous pleader,  
 With amorous tears to mitigate the wrath  
 Of twenty years?

ADELA.

I know not what I hope ;  
 Yet the meek soul, by cruel insult rous'd,  
 Can borrow firmness from despair : free born,  
 This hand shall never ratify a bond  
 That violates my birth-right, nor confirm  
 The mockery of these imputed oaths.

[*Exeunt* ADELA and GERTRUDE.]

MORDAUNT.

Go, haughty maid ! indulge thy stately scorn,  
 And bid thy handmaids scoff at Mordaunt's woe :  
 The time shall come when thou shalt want thy vir-  
     gins  
 For other offices ; when they shall hold  
 Thy frantic hands from rending thy loose locks,  
 And beating thy white bosom. Then, perhaps,  
 Thine eyes, my fair, may cast a milder glance  
 On thy vindictive husband, and thy tongue  
 May sue for reconciliation.

THEODORE.

Never think  
 Her desp'rate effort to engage my father  
 To change his steady purpose, can succeed :  
 I know him well, inflexible and firm,

True to his promise, constant in his hate  
To the curs'd house of Pembroke.

MORDAUNT.

Yet I mean not  
To trust the dearest int'rests of my honour  
To the relents of a father's love;  
I will this ev'ning claim her for my wife;  
Should he refuse, or but affect delay,  
Thine oft repeated promises of friendship  
Will undergo a trial.

THEODORE.

They are firm,  
Estrang'd from public life, I saw in thee  
All that exalts the hero and the man,  
And form'd my soul to imitate thy worth.  
Lo! I am thine, dispose me as thou wilt.

MORDAUNT.

Know, then, I purpose at the hour of midnight  
To carry off thy sister to my castle;  
Confus'd by wine and mirth, the menial train  
May be persuaded 'tis by Conway's order;  
Or should some hardy miscreant resist,

Thy interposing voice in my behalf  
Will silence opposition.

THEODORE.

Will Earl Mordaunt  
Turn brutal ravisher? shall craft and force  
Give thee a wife, by solemn contract thine?  
Urge not this desp'rate enterprize, till justice  
Fail to assist thee.

MORDAUNT.

Go, cold-blooded youth!  
I know thee now, I read thy character;  
A summer friend, mighty in promises,  
Scant in performance.—Hence from me, I spurn  
Such cautious aids. Go, seek thy brother Her-  
bert;  
If thou art penitent, he may forgive thee,  
And, for thy sister's sake, may condescend  
To give thee welcome.

THEODORE.

Mordaunt, thou dost wrong me;  
By all the torments that now tear my soul,  
And fire my brain to madness, thou dost wrong me.

## MORDAUNT.

I thought the virtues of the noble Herbert—

## THEODORE.

Curse on his virtues! Curses on the smooth  
Elaborate sycophant, who basely stole  
My sister's heart from thee, my worthiest friend!  
Urge me not, Mordaunt, to transgress the rules  
Of truth and kindred; and command my sword.

## MORDAUNT.

I thank thee, Theodore; yet the cold offer  
Merits cold thanks. If I should say to thee,  
That Herbert cannot yet have pass'd these bounds,  
And went hence unattended, thou wouldst answer  
That hospitality's a sacred virtue,  
And jealous of its claim; or else would plead,  
The house of Conway ne'er perform'd an action  
That shunn'd the eye of day.

## THEODORE.

Not if the deed  
At which you darkly hint refers to him  
Who robb'd me of my patrimonial lands,  
And made me waste my prime of years secluded  
In these lone towers, an exile from the world.

No; tho' I'd rather meet him face to face,  
 Mark me—in open war—yet if some stroke  
 Might through the heart of Herbert reach that  
     Pembroke,  
 I would not start at the assassin's office.

MORDAUNT.

Then we are friends. It is thy sister's fame  
 That justifies the blow. Let us be speedy.  
 Where is this Guiscard? Hast thou ever prov'd him?

THEODORE.

He doubts if Providence directs mankind,  
 And acts as if he scorn'd it.

MORDAUNT.

He will suit us,  
 Conspiracy derives no strength from numbers:  
 Let the first stroke be his; but our own swords,  
 If needful, shall assist. None will suppose us  
 Abettors of the act. The deed once done,  
 He shall dispose the body near the haunts  
 Of the fierce outlaws who infest these bounds;  
 Let them possess the praise of having vanquish'd  
 The brave crusader, royal Edward's friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The Scene changes to the same as that in the Second Act.*

HERBERT (*solus.*)

STILL linger my reluctant steps, my eyes,  
Reverting through the ev'ning's deep'ning shades,  
Explore yon battlements. There innocence  
With beauty dwells, there modesty improves  
The smile of gen'rous sympathizing love;  
And shall I leave her, leave my Adela,  
Unconscious of my purpose, to suspect  
Revenge and passion have usurp'd a heart  
Where she and honour reign?

[*As he is returning, Enter OSBERT.*]

OSBERT.

Where goes my Lord?  
Return you to the castle?

HERBERT.

Faithful Osbert,  
If I mistake not? Bring'st thou aught from Conway?

OSBERT.

No, I am charg'd with Adela's request.

HERBERT.

Speak; what?

OSBERT.

The pious lady charges you  
To recollect, vengeance beseems not man.  
Firm she resolves to shun a lover stain'd  
With kindred blood: she bids you trust in heav'n;  
In time's strange turns; her father's noble nature;  
And her eternal love.

HERBERT.

Tell the dear maid,  
Love reigns triumphant in her soldier's heart,  
And leaves no room for vengeance; nor will mem'ry  
Receive a trace, except from Conway's goodness,  
And the soft virtues of his angel daughter.  
Her brother's life is sacred, I will win  
A bloodless triumph o'er his enmity,  
By nobler means than ever conq'ror us'd.

OSBERT.

Might I request a fuller explanation?

HERBERT.

Tell Conway, I am Pembroke. If my father  
 Offended, his impleaded soul now answers  
 At Heav'n's tremendous bar. For me, I mean  
 Instant to seek my king, and yield the honours  
 Fatally won; then supplicate my prince,  
 If e'er he lov'd, or I deserv'd reward,  
 To call the noble exile to his court,  
 And give him back his earldom. Then, good Osbert,  
 With what exulting transport shall I rise,  
 Enjoy his high-wrought ecstasy, around  
 His venerable form entwine my arms,  
 And ask of him his daughter!

OSBERT.

Heav'n dispose  
 My master's heart to grant her.

HERBERT.

Why suggest  
 That needless fear? She will be doubly won—  
 I sav'd the brother's life, I give the father  
 His long-detain'd possessions.

OSBERT.

You forget  
 Earl Mordaunt's fatal claims.

HERBERT

The holy church  
Will abrogate a promise rashly made,  
By justice unsupported.

OSBERT.

My fair mistress,  
Fix'd in her opposition, first intends  
To supplicate her father's tender pity;  
Should he refuse, this very night she flies  
For sanctuary to those monastic walls.

HERBERT.

I rest with firm affiance in her truth,  
And let her gentle soul repose in mine—  
Now, fare thee well— [Exit OSBERT.

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 SCENE V.

HERBERT, BERTRAND.

HERBERT.

BERTRAND, what sudden cause  
Impels thee to return?

BERTRAND.

Blame not my zeal.

I could not leave you girt with enemies,  
Nor yet disperse your vassals, till assur'd  
You would not need their succour.

HERBERT.

Caution oft

Conjures unreal phantoms to alarm us:  
Thou seest I am safe.

BERTRAND.

Integrity

Reads in each heart the virtues of its own:  
A hero is insensible of danger  
In his own person; yet thy lady's safety  
May give a value to my proffer'd aid.

HERBERT.

Her safety!—know'st thou aught of Adela?

BERTRAND.

I know that Mordaunt purposes this night  
To force her from her father's shelt'ring tow'rs,  
I overheard two ruffians of his train  
Debate the project.

HERBERT.

Ever faithful friend!

I wrong'd thine honest zeal: where are thy fellows?

BERTRAND.

Conceal'd within a lone neglected tower  
Few paces from the wood.

HERBERT.

Haste and rejoin them,  
And lead them to the fosse, which from the castle  
Slopes toward the cloister wall; along that dell  
Responsive echo sounds her airy conch;  
Move with light step, let silence chain each tongue—  
There wait till further orders.

BERTRAND.

Whither goest thou?

HERBERT.

To guard my soul's best treasure. I this night  
Will watch beside those tow'rs. Should any dan-  
ger  
Attend my love, be swift to give me aid  
At summons of my horn.

BERTRAND.

Rash, fearless man,  
Art thou resolv'd to die? The glimmering moon  
Will shew thy snowy plumage, and reflect  
The lustre of thy targe.

HERBERT.

Give me thy bonnet;  
Thy russet cloak; the leathern belt that holds  
Thy scrip; I would appear to those who see me  
A loitering swain, by revelry detain'd  
Beyond due hours. Arm, quick my gallant cousin;  
Here is my helm, my buckler, lo! the scarf;  
Oh! guard this token with religious care,  
The prize of war, love's gift; my fair one's hands  
Inwrought these swelling flow'rs.

[*During this Speech they exchange habits.*]

BERTRAND.

Go, and heav'n speed thee!  
I will away, while day will yet afford  
A light to point my path. [Exit HERBERT.]

## SCENE VI.

THEODORE, BERTRAND.

THEODORE.

*(Attempting to stab BERTRAND.)*

DIE! traitor! die!

BERTRAND *(draws.)*

Ruffian! my life shall be a dear-bought purchase.

*(They fight. THEODORE falls. In the Combat,**BERTRAND loses his helmet and scarf.)*

THEODORE.

Stranger, I did mistake thee for another;  
But thy sword hath not err'd.

BERTRAND.

Ah! holy Mary!

Can it be Theodore? Lord Conway's son  
Commenc'd assassin!

THEODORE.

Ask not who I am,  
Nor what I meant; I have provok'd my fate,

And do forgive thee—If thy life be precious,  
Fly; thou hast yet the pow'r. Oh, torture! torture!  
I faint, I bleed to death.

[*Exit* BERTRAND.]

## SCENE VII.

MORDAUNT and GUISCARD enter severally. THEO-  
DORE.

MORDAUNT.

INFERNAL Guiscard!

Vile, treach'rous slave! Hence with thy mummerly;  
Hast thou not let him 'scape?

[GUISCARD *makes signs for silence.*]

GUISCARD.

My lord, be calm;

Speak low.

MORDAUNT.

False coward, hast thou not permitted  
Herbert to 'scape, when we had hunted him  
Into our toils? He brush'd by thee but now,  
And struck into the wood.

## GUISCARD.

In truth, my lord,  
 But now I met him, in the low disguise  
 Of a poor rustic shepherd; toward the castle  
 He press'd with instant speed. I would have stabb'd  
                   him,

But that his groans would rouse the centinels,  
 He was so near the postern. This is one  
 Doubtless of Pembroke's factions, sent by Herbert  
 Unto his ambush'd vassals.

## MORDAUNT.

In disguise,  
 And posting to the castle? Heav'n must league  
 With Hell to blast me, if he 'scape me now.

[THEODORE groans,

## GUISCARD.

Heard you that noise? It is not fantasy—  
 And yet—again—It soundeth from the earth—  
 If there's a world of spirits, this must be  
 Some mystic warning.

## MORDAUNT.

Coward! thy white cheek  
 Is blanch'd with fear—'Twas but the rustling trees;

I thought thee far above these beldame terrors—  
 Ha! blood! a dying man! What, Theodore?  
 Here, Guiscard, is a sight for real dismay:—  
 Thy master bleeds.—

THEODORE.

Raise me—Oh! let me die.  
 Ha! Mordaunt here! I stak'd for thee my soul,  
 And may just Heav'n require it at thy hands!

MORDAUNT.

Who gave these deadly wounds?

THEODORE.

A stranger's arm—  
 Dispatch'd by Heav'n, to save me from the guilt  
 Of murder.—Soft—I faint—O, Mordaunt, think—  
 Whilst thou hast time—repent—no more. [*Dies.*]

MORDAUNT. (*After a pause.*)

Repent—  
 Yes, I'll repent, but first I'll be reveng'd.  
 What thy rash friendship fail'd to do, thy death  
 Shall amply execute. Thy master, Guiscard,  
 Is now a breathless corpse. Yet do not mourn,

I will receive thee into confidence;  
Approve thyself sincere.

GUISCARD.

I will obey thee;  
But do not task me to some guilty service;  
Those dying horrors shook my inmost soul.

MORDAUNT.

Vengeance for a dear murder'd master's death  
Cannot be criminal. Since Herbert's hand  
Hath fell'd him in the morning of his youth,

GUISCARD.

Herbert, my Lord—Impossible! he said  
A stranger's arm—

MORDAUNT.

Mayst thou not justly think  
'Twas his disguise estrang'd him? Recollect,  
The death of Theodore is Herbert's life;  
'Tis more than probable, 'tis certainty;  
And see fresh damning proofs; his crest, his scarf,  
So late in triumph worn. Still dost thou doubt?  
I thought to raise thee to renown and fortune,  
But thy curs'd stars forbid.

GUISCARD.

No; I do plight thee  
My faithful vows, to second thee in aught  
That vengeance prompts.

MORDAUNT.

I'll bring the accusation,  
Do thou confirm my charge. Lord Conway claims  
Within his barony judicial power;  
Nor will he spare the murd'rer of his son.  
Haste, give th' alarm, I'll stop the felon's flight;  
And blast with infamy proud Herbert's fame.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

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### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

CONWAY, OSBERT.

CONWAY.

OSBERT, no more—I will believe my daughter  
Reveres the bounds by modesty prescrib'd ;  
Thou sayst, her message to the son of Pembroke  
Breath'd no light wishes, nor in aught usurp'd  
On just parental pow'r.

OSBERT.

It spoke, my lord,  
The piety of angels, sweetly mix'd  
With that fine sense of social tenderness,  
By Heav'n design'd to meliorate our hearts  
And soften all our woes.

CONWAY.

Then his reply—

OSBERT.

Display'd at once the lover and the hero :  
 O ! had you seen the dignify'd expression  
 Which lighted up each feature, while he utter'd  
 His firm resolve to do you ample justice ;  
 I could have clasp'd him to my bounding heart,  
 And own'd him for your kinsman.

CONWAY.

Then, at length,  
 My unprovok'd, unequall'd injuries,  
 Have touch'd the seared conscience of my foe :  
 Nor shall my name to future times descend,  
 Hid in the mist of slander : Pembroke now  
 Shall be detested, as the thief who stole  
 The jewel trusted to his care.

OSBERT.

Lord Pembroke  
 Can never wrong you more.

CONWAY.

What said I, Osbert ?  
 I did not curse him ! Death disarms resentment,

And makes man mourn the common lot of man :  
 Eternal fount of righteousness and truth !  
 If thou cans't pardon calumny and wrong,  
 Receive him to thy mercy !

OSBERT.

Had you seen  
 His virtuous son, when, red with honest blushes,  
 Decent he tried to veil a father's faults,  
 While native honour, and parental duty,  
 Strove in his lab'ring breast !

CONWAY.

Move me no more—  
 I see thy secret drift.

OSBERT.

My gentle mistress  
 Begs to disclose to you her every thought ;  
 She waits impatient your expected summons.

CONWAY.

Yes, I will see my child : Pembroke and I

[Exit OSBERT.]

Sported in early infancy together ;  
 We sprung from one illustrious stock ; in youth  
 He was my comrade, and in early manhood

My bosom counsellor : then he appear'd  
 A seeming paragon : infirm of soul,  
 Ambition caught him in her golden toils,  
 With meteor coruscations charm'd his eye,  
 And dimm'd the light of honour.

## SCENE II.

CONWAY, ADELA.

CONWAY.

Come, my daughter,  
 Give me thy promis'd confidence, and say  
 Why silent anguish wastes the bud of youth.

ADELA, (*kneeling.*)

Thus at your feet in bitterness of woe,  
 Claspings your knees, depending on your goodness,  
 Reft of all other hope, my heart avows  
 Its solemn fix'd aversion to Earl Mordaunt.  
 Do not, my father, give me to a lord  
 Who glories in his power to make me wretched.  
 Do not entrust the orphan girl your love

Rear'd with such fond affection, to a husband  
 Who claims her but to gratify revenge.  
 Can wedded faith result from perjury ?  
 Or happiness from mutual hate ? Alas !  
 He will immure me in his lonely towers,  
 Balm with my tears his wounded pride, and feast  
 On my distracted frenzy.

CONWAY.

Why, my child,  
 This waste of words to justify a fault ?  
 Lur'd by the charm of specious eloquence  
 And fair exterior, thy too easy heart  
 Hath been enthrall'd ; hence springs thy hate to  
 Mordaunt,  
 Hence thy resistance to thy father's will,  
 Hence thy desertion of thy kindred's cause,  
 And breach of solemn contract.

ADELA.

Once again  
 Hear your sad child ; with candour hear her own  
 She loves the worth which every tongue applauds,  
 Which even your praises pointed to her view ;  
 His birth unknown, I saw him as your friend ;  
 Nor can the hated name of Pembroke's son

Efface the strong impression merit made ;  
 Yet if the noble justice he intends  
 Fail to appease your wrath, here in the sight  
 Of Heav'n, and conscious of its awful pow'r  
 To claim its violated laws, I swear  
 My passion shall not wound your future peace.  
 Save me from Mordaunt, and no hand but yours  
 Shall give me to a husband : let me pass  
 My life in singleness, be but your child,  
 And own no other claims than filial duty.

CONWAY.

Rend not my heart !

ADELA.

Not if it yearns for mine :  
 Dear to my throbbing breast, thy reverend tears  
 Bathe my rais'd hand. Oh ! were it but to die,  
 That death were sweet that gave my father peace ;  
 But a long life of woe, perhaps the prelude  
 To everlasting misery—

CONWAY.

Oh ! rise,  
 Or thou wilt conquer ; charm me from remembrance  
 Of sacramental oaths ; despoil my mind

Of self-applause, the exquisite enjoyment  
 Of principle and truth. My sage confessor  
 Shall fix my purpose ; thou, meantime, be calm :  
 Look to the all-directing hand of Heav'n,  
 And bend to its decrees.

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SCENE III.

GERTRUDE, ADELA, CONWAY.

GERTRUDE.

Oh ! horror ! horror !

CONWAY.

Whence this alarm ?

GERTRUDE.

A murder'd man, my lord !—

They bear him toward the portal—I beheld him—

A heavy weight—his listless arms hung down—

No life remains—

[*Exit* CONWAY.]

ADELA.

Dost thou not know him, Gertrude ?

GERTRUDE.

As through the court, by terror wing'd, I flew  
To tell my lord, some call'd out Theodore;  
But fear confus'd my sense.

ADELA.

Oh, bounding heart!  
Break not thy prison. Herbert then is dead!  
Thou sainted denizen of Heav'n, assist  
A miserable maid—exalt my soul  
To meet the coming trial.

#### SCENE IV.

ADELA, GERTRUDE, CONWAY. (*supported.*)

CONWAY.

Off, I say—  
Ye shall not stop me—I will see the body—  
Better at once a father's heart should break,  
Than he should spend the wretched dregs of life  
In mourning a dear murder'd son.

ADELA.

Just Heaven !

Theodore kill'd !—By whom ?

CONWAY.

Oh, daughter, daughter !

Some cursed hand hath torn from feeble age  
 The staff on which it lean'd ! I only liv'd  
 To see him with hereditary honour  
 Support the house of Conway. Didst thou say,  
 Quite dead and cold ?—No life ?     *[To a Servant.]*

SERVANT.

Oh ! none, my lord.

CONWAY.

And shall the savage ruffian be secure ?  
 Avenge me, Heav'n ! Shall gory Murder break  
 Thy primal ordinance, yet shun the forfeit ?  
 No, thou wilt watch the villain's secret haunts,  
 And give to things inanimate a tongue,  
 Ere he shall 'scape unpunish'd.—I will live,  
 Live to revenge my boy.

ADELA.

My lord ! be patient—

CONWAY.

Dost thou preach patience? Sure thou didst not  
love him.

I do remember—True, he was unkind—  
But go and bury in his gaping wound  
The recollection.

ADELA.

Oh! my father, spare  
The hard reproof—It is for Theodore  
These tears flow fast. I see him as he seem'd  
In early youth, when all was peace and love,  
The playful gen'rous boy, the dear associate  
Of all my happiest hours; my guardian then,  
My ever kind protector.

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SCENE V.

MORDAUNT, CONWAY, ADELA, GERTRUDE.

MORDAUNT.

Noble mourner—  
Dear venerable man!—He marks me not—  
He heeds not comfort.

CONWAY.

Thou didst love my boy,  
And therefore thou art welcome.

MORDAUNT.

I did love him!

Aye, by my soul. Too melancholy proofs  
Attest our fatal friendship. Not to love him  
Were to be base, ungrateful! 'Twas for me  
He fell, in life's, in virtue's pride: the sword  
That pierc'd his breast was aim'd at Mordaunt's  
peace.

ADELA.

Be less equivocal, my lord: a charge  
Of this tremendous import claims precision.

CONWAY.

Know'st thou the murderer? Speak.

MORDAUNT.

I guess, my lord;  
But beauty's awful frown forbids disclosure:  
Permit your son to mingle with the dust  
Of his forefathers, silent, unreveng'd,  
Rather than grieve your sole remaining child,

Or wound your bosom with remorseful pain  
For misplac'd confidence.

ADELA.

Invet'rate malice  
Can darkly hint at what it fears to name.  
Dread not my frowns, Earl Mordaunt, nor affect  
Soft pity for the grief that feasts thy soul:  
At once avow thou saw'st Lord Herbert's sword  
Plung'd in my brother's breast.

MORDAUNT.

Thus proudly urg'd,  
Severity is necessary justice  
To my own fame. Guiscard, bring forth your  
pris'ner.  
Lady, Lord Herbert comes to answer you.

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### SCENE VI.

HERBERT (*guarded*), GUISCARD, CONWAY, MOR-  
DAUNT, ADELA, GERTRUDE, OSBERT.

ADELA. (*Apart to GERTRUDE.*)

SEEST thou? in firm integrity he stands,  
Smiling at feeble malice!

CONWAY.

Art thou he,

Whom, unsuspecting fraud, I cherish'd late  
 With social kindness, and dismiss'd unharm'd,  
 When known to be my ancient enemy?  
 And hast thou done this deed—this hellish deed?  
 I cannot name it—Oh, most wretched father!  
 My son, my murder'd son!

MORDAUNT.

Proceed, my lord;

Mark you how guilt appals him?

HERBERT.

Guilt and Herbert

As yet are strangers—That my cheeks are pale,  
 Proves that I feel those venerable tears,  
 And love that mourning maid. Why I am seiz'd  
 Like a vile miscreant, or wherefore charg'd  
 In terms opprobrious with some base offence,  
 I indistinctly know, and therefore wait  
 A fuller explanation.

MORDAUNT.

That thy tongue,

Rich in expedients, can with seemings fair

Elude the gen'ral censure, well is known :—  
 I charge Lord Herbert with the impious crime  
 Of killing Theodore, Lord Conway's son :  
 Does he deny the fact ?

HERBERT.

False Earl, I do,  
 By all my hopes of future happiness !

MORDAUNT.

Then as a murderer and perjur'd liar  
 I do accuse thee.

HERBERT.

To the field I dare thee,  
 Confirm thine accusation there in arms.

MORDAUNT.

Dost thou, confiding in thy ruffian strength,  
 Or slight, or cunning, shun the clear decision  
 Of fact and circumstance ?

HERBERT.

I shun not truth.  
 Invulnerably fenc'd by innocence,  
 I dare thee to make good thy charge : If prov'd,

I yield myself to Conway's lawful power,  
Ready to meet a murd'rer's doom.

MORDAUNT.

Then answer,  
Why in this garb, assum'd for privacy,  
I have surpris'd thee?

HERBERT.

Tell thine own designs,  
And mine are justified. Suppose I came  
To guard what thou wouldst ravish.

MORDAUNT.

Cautious lovers  
Would fear to implicate a lady's fame  
In such atrocious deeds: but thou art bold  
And confident of favour. Guiscard, speak;  
Where did we find your master?

GUISCARD.

In the path  
By which the brothers of the priory  
Pay nightly visits to the hermitage  
Of sainted Hubert.

MORDAUNT.

Thou rememb'rest well  
His dying words?

GUISCARD.

In tort'ring agony  
Convuls'd he lay, but not in sense impair'd:  
He said, a ruffian suddenly surpris'd him,  
And pierc'd his breast. He wore a russet cloak,  
A scrip and bonnet, such as shepherds use.

MORDAUNT.

What farther circumstance conspir'd to point  
The accusation to the prisoner?

GUISCARD.

Near to my murder'd lord, I found conceal'd  
This crest, this well-known scarf.

[ADELA faints.

HERBERT.

Off! give me room!  
See, she will drop! feebly she bends to earth!  
A dying paleness overspreads her face—  
Let me but whisper to her parting soul  
That I am innocent.

CONWAY.

Shame on her folly!  
Her brother's wounds upbraid her.

ADELA.

Bear me hence—  
Herbert, a mortal blow hath struck my heart.  
I mourn'd thine injuries, thy guilt is fatal.

[*Exeunt ADELA and GERTRUDE.*]HERBERT (*kneeling.*)

Stay! by thine own bright innocence I swear—  
Hear me, sweet maid!—My spirit doth not shrink  
From Mordaunt's charge or Conway's wrath; thy  
words

Alone unman me.—She is gone for ever!  
She deems me perjur'd—base—

CONWAY.

Oh! I could rave—  
But injuries like mine preclude reproach;  
Why didst thou turn aside the robber's sword  
From my boy's bosom, that thy hateful hand  
Might deeper pierce the wretched Conway's heart?  
Is this thy friendship? Thus dost thou restore  
The long-contested Earldom, that, elapsing

From my bare trunk, it might revert to thee?  
 Are these the joyful tears thy ready hand  
 Would wipe in Edward's presence? Is it thus  
 Thou claim'st my daughter? Is a brother's blood  
 The bridal dower?

MORDAUNT.

He cannot answer thee.

CONWAY.

Wretch, thou shalt die—shalt with thy life atone  
 Thy country's broken laws. Thy mighty name,  
 Thy num'rous vassals, thine enormous power,  
 Nay, even thy sovereign's friendship, shall not save  
     thee;  
 Let Edward, to revenge thee, sack my tow'rs,  
 Slay all my friends, stretch on the gory block  
 This aged head—Still, murd'rer, thou shalt die!  
 I will avenge my son, then follow him.

MORDAUNT.

Not while my arm is potent to defend you.  
 Receive me in the place of Theodore,  
 Your son by friendship and alliance too.  
 Look how he trembles!

CONWAY.

Thy detested arts  
 Have made me childless: childless be thy father!  
 I envy him the apathy of death;  
 He will not know his firmest hopes have fail'd,  
 The body of a son untimely slain  
 Will never blast his sight.

HERBERT.

Unjustly doom'd,  
 Rated with foul reproach, I yet respect  
 Thine erring misery. Think not, Lord Conway,  
 I plead to save a miserable being,  
 'Rest of its dearest wish; but to preserve  
 Mine honour from opprobrium, and thyself  
 From long remorse, when thou shalt know me  
 guiltless.  
 Defer thy sentence till to-morrow's dawn.

MORDAUNT.

And wilt thou answer then?

HERBERT.

To thy confusion.

MORDAUNT.

Yield not, my lord ! his villainy is plain.

CONWAY.

The villain shall have justice. Osbert, take him  
Into thy charge.

MORDAUNT (*Apart to CONWAY.*)

'Twere fitter you nam'd Guiscard  
To this high trust.

CONWAY.

My ancient seneschal  
Boasts unsuspected faith. With the first dawn  
[*To HERBERT.*]  
I will resume thy trial, and attend  
To thy defence.

MORDAUNT.

Yield not to weak compassion !  
The spirit of thy son, recent from life,  
And prematurely sent, with loath dismay  
To flutter down Eternity's wide gulph,  
Calls on a father's justice.—And behold !

[*The body of THEODORE is borne through the side scenes.*]

To steel thy soul 'gainst pity, where his corpse  
Is borne in solemn silence—See the rose  
Of early manhood blasted—His sunk eyes  
Beam not on thee—

CONWAY.

*(Looking alternately on the Body and HERBERT.)*

My agonized spirit  
Discerns not what is right. If thou hast made me  
Thus miserable—but passion cannot judge.  
Oh, Theodore!—my child!—my murder'd child!  
*[Exit after the Body.]*

MORDAUNT *(To OSBERT.)*

Thy head shall answer for the pris'ner's safety.

*[Exeunt MORDAUNT and GUISCARD.]*

*Manent HERBERT, OSBERT (Attendants at a distance).*

OSBERT.

My heart affirms that thou art innocent;  
Would I could help thee!

HERBERT.

If thou hast a sense  
Of pity for affliction, seek thy lady;

Tell her, my plighted oath is still unbroken,  
My hand still pure.

OSBERT.

Simplicity and truth

Are inmates of her bosom; but the schemes  
Of ranc'rous malice, with deep foresight plann'd,  
Require confronting facts, and plainer proof  
Than thine own bare assertion.

HERBERT.

I can point

The secret haunt in which a faithful friend  
With anxious heart expects me. He receiv'd  
From me the fatal ornaments produc'd  
To testify my guilt: gen'rous and brave,  
No sense of private danger will withhold  
His ample testimony.

OSBERT.

Life and fame

Depend upon him. I will instant find  
A trusty messenger.

HERBERT.

Screen'd by the fosse,  
Hard by the cloister wall, environ'd round

With armed bands, Bertrand awaits my call.  
 But bid him singly come ; my cause demands  
 Nor armed bands, nor justifying swords.  
 Honour shall be my guard, and innocence  
 Rebate the shafts of malice and revenge.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

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### SCENE I.

*The Castle ; an Antichamber to the Prison where Herbert  
is confined.*

*Enter MORDAUNT and GUISCARD.*

MORDAUNT.

**L**OQUACIOUS fool ! if mem'ry on thy soul  
Stamps but a faint impression, wherefore risk  
A copious repetition of thy tale ?  
Had I not stopp'd thee at the dang'rous crisis,  
Thou wouldst have own'd the truth : Lord Con-  
way's grief  
Distracted his regard ; but the fix'd eye  
Of crafty Osbert view'd thee.

GUISCARD.

Rather praise  
The prompt invention, which devis'd a story  
Fruitful in horrid circumstance, till rage,

Revenge, and grief, shook the distracted father  
 With frenzied agony, bade him retract  
 His promis'd grace, and vow immediate vengeance.

MORDAUNT.

Build no firm hope on sorrow's rash resolves :  
 Conway again will fear to be unjust,  
 He will confront the object of his hate  
 With his accusers, give him space and scope,  
 And watch thy visage—Dost thou tremble, caitiff ?  
 Then strike the blow to-night ; bring me the tidings  
 That he is dead, and thou shalt be rewarded.

GUISCARD.

I strike the blow !—Osbert hath guarded him  
 With armed men, chos'n from his own associates.

MORDAUNT.

I have plann'd deeply ; hear me, and obey—  
 Herbert hath sent a private messenger  
 To Bertrand, his sworn friend : I have dispos'd  
 A letter, as by Bertrand wrote, requesting  
 A midnight interview with Adela,  
 Near the east tower, with promise to reveal  
 The hidden author of her brother's fate :  
 Love will impel her steps, and swift revenge

Will profit by her speed. There wait my friends,  
Mounted on coursers that outstrip the wind ;  
Them will I join, and bear her to my castle.

GUISCARD.

Am I to follow ?

MORDAUNT.

Thy assign'd employment

Is to remain, and craftily apprise  
The trembling father of his daughter's danger,  
The cause concealing. Then, while pale dismay  
And blank confusion reign, the guards of Herbert  
Will intermit their care ; seize thou that moment,  
And let this dagger speak : thou shalt be aided,

[ Gives a dagger.

Siward, Mountjoy, and Pemberton, brave souls !  
Whose trade is blood, shall stay to succour thee,  
And guide thy flight to my protecting towers.  
There, my associates shall alike defy  
Edward's vindictive power, and Conway's madness :  
But soft, the wanton comes ; my hour of vengeance,  
Proud one ! is near : O how I love thine anguish.

[ They retire.

## SCENE II.

*Enter ADELA, (with a Paper.)*

Then he is innocent!—Nor is my heart  
Tainted by weak credulity! *(reads)* “I know,  
“And will produce the author of the fact,  
“If thou wilt meet me.” Visionary fears!  
Ye shall not stay me, nor shall maiden pride  
Detain me from the prison which contains  
The guiltless sufferer. *[Enter one of the Guards.]*

I would see Lord Herbert—  
No crime attaches to compassion’s duties,  
Then why this painful throb? Ha! Mordaunt here!

*MORDAUNT (comes forward.)*

Lady, ’tis said the foot of jealousy  
Is swift to vengeance, but its tardy speed  
Fails in the race with love. I vainly hop’d  
Some reverence of character, some shew  
Of decent grief for murder’d Theodore,  
Might have delay’d this interview: his wounds  
Are hardly staunch’d, before you clasp the hand  
That basely pierc’d his breast.

ADELA.

Spirit of truth,  
 Record this calumny! and does Earl Mordaunt  
 Indeed believe that Herbert gave those wounds?  
 Nature, in spite of art, is faithful still;  
 I read a truer answer in thine eye,  
 Than e'er thy tongue could utter.

MORDAUNT.

You are warm;  
 But ardent passion brooks not disappointment.  
 I mean not, gentle fair, to interdict  
 The softness of a last fond interview;  
 You may protract sweet converse, till the morn  
 Calls forth your lover to a sterner trial.

ADELA.

What dost thou mean? That fixt mysterious look—  
 That paper—

MORDAUNT (*Shows a Paper.*)

Charmer, thou hast all the pity  
 Of Conway's house; thy father, all its justice:  
 Canst thou not read it? Sure 'tis plainly drawn—  
 (*Reads*) "At the first dawn lead Herbert from his  
 prison,

" And execute him in the castle yard."  
 'Tis superscrib'd "To Osbert." Thou know'st well  
 Thy father's signature? (Going.)

ADELA.

Insulter, stay—  
 Bertrand will prove him guiltless.

MORDAUNT.

Who is Bertrand?

ADELA.

The friend of truth: you need not grasp my arm,  
 Tho' I do tremble; spare brave Herbert's life—  
 I'll bring this Bertrand to thee; I shall meet him,  
 Near the east tower, at midnight.

MORDAUNT.

Beauteous lady!

Dost thou design to trust this blaze of charms  
 Unguarded at such season? Take my counsel,  
 Thou better canst preserve thy lover's life:  
 Meet *me* at Hubert's shrine, there plight thy troth,  
 My hate no more pursues him. Dost thou frown?  
 Then death shall be his lot, and anguish thine;  
 Nor shall this Bertrand save,— [To the Guard.

Bring forth your pris'ner,  
Perhaps thy tongue may fail to tell my errand.

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## SCENE III.

HERBERT, MORDAUNT, ADELA.

MORDAUNT.

The presence of a rival and accuser  
May be to thee unwelcome ; yet my duty  
Compels me to deliver Conway's will :  
Sure of thy guilt, he grants no further trial—  
Thou dy'st at early dawn.

HERBERT.

Then I shall change  
The world, which thou inhabitest, for one  
Thou never canst aspire to.

MORDAUNT.

If thou needest  
The church's holy offices to cleanse  
Thy soul from taint of blood, or wouldst appoint,

Out of thy large possessions, some domains  
 For chaunted requiems, thou shalt have such helps  
 As charity allows; I bear no hate  
 To thine immortal soul.

HERBERT.

Nor I to thine.

MORDAUNT.

This cool disdainful carriage ill beseems  
 Detected guilt.

HERBERT.

It suits with innocence.  
 Reflect, thou man of blood, before the door  
 Of mercy closes; recollect my wrongs—  
 Away, and mock me not: reserve thine insults  
 To wreak upon my corse: I spurn thy scorns.  
 Far from my friends, environ'd by thy toils,  
 Still I defy thy malice, still possess  
 The pure delights of innocence and love.

*(Enter a Servant, who speaks to MORDAUNT)*

SERVANT.

Guiscard, my lord, requires your instant presence

## MORDAUNT.

Guiscard!—I come.—(Confusion! somewhat fails)

[*Aside.*

Proud empty boaster, thou shalt soon be tried :  
And thou, perfidious crocodile—weep on,  
Thou wilt have cause for weeping—curses blast ye!

[*Exit MORDAUNT.*

## HERBERT.

O do not bend thy radiant eyes on earth—  
With such impassion'd woe—my plighted oaths  
Are still unbroken. Lovely trembler! speak—  
Say thou believ'st my truth; tell me these tears  
Are the dear pledges of my full acquittal;  
The attestation of renew'd esteem,  
And firm confiding love.

## ADELA.

Talk'st thou of love,  
When the dark grave expands for thee? Poor  
victim  
Of gloomy prejudice and murd'rous hate!  
Canst thou forgive my transient doubts? forgive!—  
No, thou must hate thine Adela—must curse  
The meteor passion which detain'd thy steps  
In this foul den of murder.

HERBERT.

What!—curse thee—  
 Thou meekest angel! thou, who arm'st my soul  
 Against the wrongs of an injurious world!  
 If I must fall, to thee will I entrust  
 My wounded honour; for mysterious night  
 Will not for ever cloud thy brother's death,  
 And shroud me with suspicion. Oh, my love,  
 Pleas'd I anticipate the future triumph  
 Of truth and justice o'er discover'd fraud.  
 Then thou no more shalt seek with silent stealth  
 Thy Herbert's grave, to weep and pray unseen;  
 But thou shalt tell the justifying world,  
 That thou didst love the man who guiltless dy'd,  
 And dying blest thee.

ADELA.

No—thou shalt not die—  
 Tho' my misguided father spurns me still,  
 I will suborn thy guards; they shall permit thee  
 To shun feign'd vigilance; thy friends are near,  
 On me be all the peril—

HERBERT.

Shall I fly,  
 And leave thee unprotected in the fangs

Of disappointed rage ? Shall cruel Mordaunt  
 Produce my flight in evidence, and charge  
 Thee, who art Innocence's very self,  
 With crimes from which humanity recoils,  
 Whilst by uncertain war I try to save thee,  
 And trust to calumny my question'd fame ?  
 This frail existence, this short term of years,  
 This transient round of mutable delights,  
 Deserves not to be purchas'd at the price  
 Of never-dying honour. I have ponder'd  
 Upon a noble means.

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#### SCENE IV.

GERTRUDE, HERBERT, ADELA.

GERTRUDE.

Forgive the zeal  
 Which prompts intrusion—Conway's heart relents :  
 The villain Guiscard falters in his tale,  
 And innocence will triumph.

ADELA.

Didst thou say,  
 Conway relented ?

GERTRUDE.

Yes, his noble nature

Resumes the firm integrity of honour :

“ Heav’n may afflict,” he cries, “ but I’ll be just ;

“ The accuser and accused shall be confronted ;

“ My Theodore was rash ;—perhaps his rage

“ Provok’d the fate he met.” Look where he  
comes—

A venerable ruin ; see he bends

Beneath conflicting passions.

ADELA.

Heavenly wisdom !

Inform his doubting mind, and let his fiat

Breathe thine own awful justice. Where is Bertrand ?

O ! for his aid to clear the innocent,

And give up guilt to punishment.

[*Exeunt* ADELA and GERTRUDE.

HERBERT.

To Heav’n,

Mysterious in its purposes, I bend,

And, firm in my integrity of soul,

Await its great decrees.

## SCENE V.

HERBERT, CONWAY, ATTENDANTS.

CONWAY.

*(After a pause.)*

If in thy heart  
 Insatiate malice lurk, feast thy revenge :  
 Where'er I turn, a warning voice pursues me—  
 " Cursed is he who wrongs the innocent ;"  
 Anon it cries, " Let not the guilty 'scape."

HERBERT.

Accus'd, arraign'd, condemn'd, my pleas unheard,  
 My nat'ral rights invaded, thou hast doom'd me  
 To infamy and death. Yet can my soul  
 Turn from contemplating my own distress,  
 To pity thine; nor will the mortal blow  
 That sends my spirit to the world unseen,  
 Give me such anguish as thy heart must feel,  
 When thou shalt know my story.

CONWAY.

Dost thou still  
 Deny a deed, by circumstances stamp'd

On each convicted mind? Thy specious offers,  
 Thy secret enmity to Theodore,  
 My daughter's fatal passion, thy disguise  
 And quick return; thy scarf, thy crest, thy sword,  
 Found near the body, rise in bloody proof,  
 And arm my soul against credulity.

## HERBERT.

I do not ask compassion, nor attempt  
 To sway credulity by plausible words:  
 Restore me to the honour thou hast tarnish'd,  
 Or lead me forth to die.

## CONWAY.

I will permit thee  
 The power to question Guiscard: the sad father  
 Will hear again the bloody narrative;  
 And whilst the vital current at his heart  
 Chills at the tale, will still be just to thee.

SCENE VI.

CONWAY, OSBERT, HERBERT, ATTENDANTS.

CONWAY.

OSBERT, produce your evidence.

OSBERT.

My lord,

Guiscard cannot be found.

CONWAY.

Not found !

OSBERT.

A tumult

Reigns near the eastern tower; I heard but now  
The shriek of female terror.

HERBERT.

Gracious heaven,  
Avert the fears of Bertrand ! Hear me, Conway;  
And, if thy daughter's safety still be dear,  
Lend me thy sword.

CONWAY.

What means this sudden phrenzy ?

HERBERT.

This is no time for doubt. Curs'd Mordaunt's art  
 Ensnares the beauteous maid; e'en now she shrinks  
 Beneath his felon grasp; turns her wild eyes  
 To Heav'n, and fainting calls her absent love—  
 Oh! by our common ancestors, each oath  
 To knighthood sacred, do not stop me now.

## SCENE VII.

GERTRUDE, OSBERT, HERBERT, CONWAY,  
 ATTENDANTS.

GERTRUDE.

FLY, Herbert! fly my lord!

CONWAY.

Ha!

GERTRUDE.

In one moment

She will be lost for ever. Spent and lifeless  
 They fix her on a palfry.

[HERBERT snatches CONWAY'S Sword, and exit.

OSBERT.

Instant summon

All to pursuit, my Lord!

[*Exeunt GERTRUDE and Attendants.*]CONWAY (*struggling with OSBERT.*)

Off, let me go;

I yet have strength to cope with ravishers.

Shall the bereaved father wailing stand,

While his old trunk is reft of all its branches?

Soft—who are ye?

## SCENE VIII.

(CONWAY, OSBERT, BERTRAND, and his *Party*,  
*arm'd.*)

BERTRAND.

THE friends of noble Herbert—

If thou art Conway, give us back our lord,

And thou art safe from wrong. We neither offer

Nor suffer injuries.

CONWAY.

Avaunt, ye robbers!

Leagued with your guileful lord for my destruction.

Say, which of ye hath borne away my daughter?  
 Who held my struggling son, while Herbert's sword  
 Pierc'd his unguarded breast?

BERTRAND.

I could disclose  
 How Theodore was slain, but spare the tale—  
 If thou hast sacrific'd our guiltless lord,  
 Prepare to feel that agoniz'd remorse  
 Which time can never soften.

CONWAY.

Herbert lives—  
 Speak plain thy dreadful meaning. I am callous.  
 Did my boy fall inglorious? Art thou dumb,  
 Although thy ranc'rous tale may free thy master  
 From his hereditary enemy?  
 But thou, perhaps, still fearest to prophane  
 The sacred dead with undeserv'd reproach.

## SCENE IX.

GUISCARD *is led in wounded*, BERTRAND, CONWAY,  
OSBERT, &c.

GUISCARD.

WHITHER wouldst drag me? Can confession stop  
This streaming blood? If I unsay what late  
I solemnly attested, will ye find  
A healing unguent for this mortal wound,  
Or ease these writhing agonies? False Mordaunt!  
Where are thy promis'd gifts? But I'll be dumb.

SERVANT.

We found this wretch, my lord, near the east tower,  
Grinding his teeth in anguish; muttering somewhat  
That Theodore and Mordaunt twice had brib'd him  
To murder Herbert.

GUISCARD.

Slave! thou utterest falshoods;  
I said they *promis'd* much; with purpose ripe  
For murder: Theodore by chance was slain;  
And if this hated consciousness pursue me,  
I will implead him at the bar of Heav'n,

Disclose his secret schemes of blood, and witness  
His late compunction, his remorseful sighs.

CONWAY.

Raven of hell! what means thy boding voice?  
Why join'st thou terms so widely dissonant  
As Theodore and murd'rer?

BERTRAND.

I would spare thee  
These bitter tidings, but offended truth  
Calls loud for vindication. Dost thou know me?

[To GUISCARD.

GUISCARD.

Ha! Art thou Bertrand? Yet restrain thy curses;  
The sword of Herbert pierc'd me ere my arm  
Could strike a second blow. Tremendous power  
Of equitable vengeance, thou hast reach'd me!  
O let not Mordaunt 'scape, let him not triumph  
While the less guilty die! Conway, thy son  
Was caught in his own bloody toils: thy daughter—  
Save her, ere yet too late.

BERTRAND.

Bear him away, [Exit GUISCARD.  
To meet the doom deserv'd. Unhappy father!

My tale is yet to tell: with blind revenge,  
 Misdeeming in its object, unprovok'd,  
 Thy son attack'd me, and ignobly fell  
 By my defensive sword. O, cease to mourn  
 Th' opprobrium of thy house, the canker'd branch  
 Which sham'd thy princely stem—He turns aside;  
 He marks me not.

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SCENE X.

ADELA, GERTRUDE, CONWAY, BERTRAND, &c.

ADELA.

My father! O my father!

Again I clasp thy knees.

CONWAY.

My child, my child!

Dear injur'd child!

ADELA.

They would have torn me from thee;  
 Torn me for ever from these guardian arms.  
 The cruel Earl insulted my distraction,  
 And bade me, as he plac'd me on his steed,

Bid a last farewell to my native towers.  
 I rent the midnight air with shrieks; with pray'rs,  
 With ineffectual tears, I sued in vain—  
 Then, when despair and horror froze my blood,  
 The sword of Herbert fell'd the ravisher:  
 O! pardon the warm burst of gratitude,  
 That pours eternal blessings on his name.

## CONWAY.

Yes, thou shalt bless him ever! Heav'n hath prov'd  
 His innocence; magnanimous and brave,  
 By every virtue, every grace adorn'd,  
 Receive him for thy lord. Where is thy Herbert?  
 I long to fold him in my grateful arms,  
 And yet to glory in a son.

## ADELA.

Thus, thus—  
 With rapt'rous tears I thank you: but my brother,  
 How fell the luckless youth?

## CONWAY.

Name him no more,  
 For ever sleep his mem'ry and his crimes!  
 He greatly err'd, but Heav'n is rich in mercy.

## SCENE XI.

(HERBERT is led in, wounded.)

BERTRAND, CONWAY, OSBERT, ADELA,  
GERTRUDE.

CONWAY.

He comes, the gallant hero, spent by toils  
Of gen'rous valour. I have wrong'd thee much—  
For I was much deceiv'd. Lo, I renounce  
Mine ancient enmity, and eager crave  
A closer tie with excellence like thine.  
Receive my child—thou speak'st not—

ADELA.

Look, my father—  
See, how the blood wells forth; for me he bleeds—  
Oh! for some cordial balm!

HERBERT.

Compose thy fears;  
I do but droop beneath this tide of joy.

And does thy father give thee to my vows,  
 Thou soft perfection! thou unsullied pledge  
 Of purity and truth? Nay—gaze not on me  
 With such impassion'd woe. Mordaunt is dead—  
 And wherefore shouldst thou fear?

ADELA.

O'er thy dim eyes  
 A thick mist gathers fast; thy trembling hand  
 Is damp and icy cold.

BERTRAND.

He sinks on earth,  
 No human aid can save—

HERBERT.

A little sleep,  
 And I shall wake to ecstasy and thee.  
 Watch thou my slumbers, love; and let thy voice  
 Lull me with requiems. Lo, my heart, my hand,  
 Are plighted ever thine: Oh! this is mortal!  
 This thrilling pang—yet, thou art mine in death:  
 Live to avow that contract; live to shame  
 My sland'rous foes; to soothe thy mourning  
 father:—

My life, my soul! all-pitying Heav'n sustain her—  
 Another look! farewell!— [Dies.]

OSBERT.

My noble master,  
 These scenes ill suit thy venerable years :  
 Oh! let me lead thee hence.

CONWAY.

Regard not me—  
 But raise that wretched maid.

ADELA.

Gone—gone for ever !  
 Ye shall not tear me from my plighted lord !  
 He bade me watch his slumbers: Fatal slumbers!—  
 Sad ever-during sleep!—

CONWAY.

Behold, my child,  
 How age and sorrow shake my feeble frame :  
 Let not these hoary locks with frantic rage  
 Be scatter'd o'er thy bier. A little time,  
 Yes, in a little time, my Adela,  
 We both shall join thy hero in the dust.

Grant to thy father the sad privilege  
To mix his tears with thine.

ADELA (*rising.*)

Yes, I will live—  
And sanctify my sorrows : heard you not  
His parting charge, and shall he speak in vain ?  
My father, pity me—thy widow'd child  
Asks consolation, teach me fortitude,  
Preserve me from despair.—Look—I am patient,  
But neither summer suns, nor winter storms,  
Nor public ills, nor private miseries,  
Can move this callous heart : it throbs no more—  
Cold and insensate, like my murder'd lord.

BERTRAND.

Vain is the boast of separating Death,  
To break the bonds of Love : Love scorns his  
pow'r,  
Hangs its pale radiance on th' unconscious tomb ;  
For ever glows, and triumphs while it mourns.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

## POEMS.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY  
JOHN H. COLEMAN  
OF THE  
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOSTON

1880

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# POEMS.

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TO THE

## *ISLAND OF SICILY:*

WRITTEN AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE KING  
AND QUEEN OF NAPLES, DEC. 1798.

**R**ECEIVE, Sicilia, to thy warm embrace  
The royal exiles of Iberian race ;  
Receive the sons of sorrow, who no more  
From soft Parthenope's luxuriant shore  
Shall gaze enraptur'd on the cloudless sky,  
Nor see the tepid waves roll gently by :  
No more in painted gallies, lightly trim,  
O'er the smooth bay the playful sailors skim ;  
No more, mid evening's blue serene, prolong  
The gorgeous cavalcade, or festal song ;  
No more the vizard's arch concealment court,  
Pilgrims in jest, and supplicants in sport.

To shun the rigour of a sterner fate,  
 The victims, starting, leave the couch of state,  
 Quit with desponding sighs their late abode,  
 Where pleasure revell'd, and where splendour  
                   glow'd ;

Backward they turn, the horrors of the night  
 Hide each lov'd object from their streaming sight,  
 Save where Vesuvius darts a fiery gleam,  
 And the white turret glitters in his beam ;  
 Unheard his thunders, while the dreadful cry  
 Of human anarchy pervades the sky ;  
 No more the white-rob'd priest the mass prepares,  
 A foe now menaces who never spares ;  
 No more the vestal the procession leads—  
 Will brutal ravishers respect her beads ?  
 Lo, feeble sickness with convulsive breath  
 Begg the kind blessing of immediate death ;  
 Lo, age, all impotent with palsied hand,  
 Clings to the ruins of its native land ;  
 While artless childhood, with unconscious gaze,  
 Enquires the reason of this dire amaze,  
 Hangs round its mother's neck with wild affright,  
 Or, wandering devious through the rayless night,  
 Flies for protection to unpitying foes,  
 And grasps the hand by whom its life-blood flows,

Far from these horrid scenes, yet still pursu'd  
 By adverse fortune, merciless and rude,  
 The once-lov'd king, oppress'd by panic dread,  
 Expects assassins in the train he fed ;  
 Enrag'd he hears, that treason's venal hand  
 Hath to desertion brib'd his coward band ;  
 He fears Italian faith, still prone to change,  
 He fears the lurking germ of dark revenge :  
 To British fortitude, in peril great,  
 He trusts the relics of his falling state.  
 See where he flies ! Adversity, which bends  
 The monarch's greatness, oft the man befriends ;  
 One arm, extended, tenderly sustains  
 The grateful partner of his regal pains ;  
 Round him his children cling ; for these he sues,  
 And asks the aid their native shores refuse ;  
 The royal Caroline, with terror pale,  
 Hears the advancing foe in every gale,  
 And as the loud winds echo round the coast,  
 Believes them warnings from her sister's ghost :  
 " Oh injur'd Antoinette !" her plaintive cry  
 Thus wildly bursts, " remembering thee, I fly ;  
 " No innate strength of mind, no potent charm  
 " Of birth imperial, stopp'd thy murderer's arm !  
 " Oh sister, ever lov'd ! whom every grace  
 " Adorn'd, thy tyrants still pursue thy race !

" Ah ! when thy summer friends prepar'd to flee,  
 " Could the brave Britons but have rescu'd thee !  
 " Snatch'd thee from cowards, who at anguish jest,  
 " First sooth'd thy woes, and then thy woes re-  
 " dress'd !"

She speaks, and lo, the HERO of the Nile  
 Appears with sympathy's benignant smile ;  
 Wet are his manly cheeks (distress will crave  
 This soothing tribute from the truly brave).  
 Pleas'd he receives the high deposit, hails  
 His willing crew, and spreads the swelling sails :  
 He turns from towers where late luxurious ease  
 On roses slept, and seeks Sicilian seas.  
 Vain his design, for adverse winds contend,  
 Swing the vex'd ship, the crackling cordage rend,  
 The loose yards whirl aloft with thund'ring wreck,  
 The huge mast falls, and scarcely clears the deck.  
 Now, while the courtly train, in wild despair,  
 Invoke their saints, and chaunt the number'd  
 pray'r,  
 The sailor climbs aloft with courage warm,  
 Strains the firm rope, and seems to tread the storm.  
 The ruin clear'd, with renovated force  
 The labouring ship darts onward in its course ;  
 Hope swells each breast, again the morning gilds  
 The drear expanse, and lights Trinacria's fields ;

Its Queen reviving, with a languid groan  
 Breathes her first greetings to a land unknown ;  
 Addressing now her son, whose feeble form  
 Had sunk a victim to the ruthless storm :  
 " Poor boy ! " she cries, " thou dost not now require  
 " The sacred refuge which receives thy sire :  
 " I shall not join thee in thy calm repose,  
 " Sav'd from the deep, perhaps, for fiercer woes.  
 " I snatch'd thee from thy bed of down, the cold  
 " Blew shivering through thy mantle's slender fold ;  
 " How the rude tempest tost thee, lifeless corse,  
 " Thy mother's arms could not repel its force !  
 " Poor child of greatness ! in thy pangs severe,  
 " Thou hadst no cordial but my bitter tear ;  
 " Yet, better thus to lose thee, than to trust  
 " To foes at once perfidious and unjust ;  
 " No barb'rous insult marks thy early grave,  
 " Wept by thy friends, and pitied by the brave."

Oh, fair Sicilia ! hospitably shade  
 The royal fugitives who court thine aid ;  
 If in remotest times thy fertile coast  
 Receiv'd the weary Trojan, tempest tost,  
 When from fall'n Ilium, girt with hostile fire,  
 He bore his gods, his offspring, and his sire ;  
 Receive thy King, his cruel wrongs redress ;  
 His aid parental lessen'd thy distress,

When rich Messina, late thy towery pride,  
 Sunk in an instant 'neath the whelming tide ;  
 When the earth, gaping, rent thy beauteous plains,  
 And cover'd both thy harvests and thy swains ;  
 Tell false Hesperia, subjugated Spain,  
 Germania trembling to the Cimbrian main ;  
 Tell humbled Malta, who of old defied  
 The crescent blazing in Imperial pride ;  
 Tell Austria, callous to its nearest ties,  
 Intent on gain, and but in caution wise ;  
 Tell fall'n Helvetia, happy once and free,  
 Their bad examples are no guide to thee ;  
 Point to thy sister Albion, who hath hurl'd  
 Her thunders on the troublers of the world,  
 While the vex'd continents affrighted bend,  
 And yield, submissive rather than contend ;  
 While some portentous change, some plan design'd  
 By the wise counsel of th' unerring mind,  
 Labours for birth, while truth with pale dismay,  
 Flies from a world where all alike betray.  
 Do thou, with Albion, bid the wretched trust  
 On that firm faith which scorns to be unjust :  
 Say, that, like her, thy sea-bound coasts shall form  
 A port impervious to the wasteful storm ;  
 And kindly cherish in thy fertile clime  
 The gen'rous virtues to the end of time.

## ETNA.

SUGGESTED BY READING BRYDONE'S TRAVELS.

**A**RISE, Brydone, and from thy glowing page  
Tear the malignant stain of sceptic rage;  
Where genius calls, or taste invites thee, rove  
O'er Gela's wastes, through Agrigentum's grove;  
Pervade the cells where Superstition reigns,  
And spill what blood the fabling vase contains;  
Drag from monastic haunts preposterous lies,  
And shame the bigot drone who living dies;  
But shun the paths by inspiration trod,  
Nor doubt the living oracles of God;  
Nature, obedient to the dread record,  
Speaks not a language which belies her Lord;  
And learning, conscious of his power august,  
Bends to his word or crumbles into dust.

For thee vast themes remain, a boundless store  
Of deep reflection, or of classic lore;  
See where Trinacria's nymphs to crown thee chuse  
The garland sacred to their Dorian muse;  
Rich in unnumber'd fruits, the grateful soil  
Entreats thy presence and applauds thy toil,

Her ambient streams like veins of silver run  
 O'er her green fields, and sparkle in the sun;  
 While, rich in beauty, Euba shows from far  
 Those flowers the goddess dropp'd from Pluto's car.

Go, seek where Etna's lofty summit hurl'd  
 His blazing entrails on the infant world;  
 O'er his broad base her mantle Ceres throws,  
 There the fig blackens, and the vintage glows;  
 His middle region, Pan's prolific aid  
 Girds with a belt of variegated shade;  
 There, from the yawning mouths of wasted fires,  
 The pine magnificent to heaven aspires;  
 There, where the torrent of destruction spread,  
 The regal oak now rears his stately head;  
 In vales once blasted by the sulph'rous show'r,  
 Minerva's olive opes her snowy flower;  
 While through the horrors of the dark defiles,  
 The poplar, proud of spring, luxuriance smiles.

Hark, on his lofty summit thron'd sublime,  
 Mid ice coeval with the birth of time,  
 Majestic Etna calls thee from afar,  
 To view the shock of elemental war;  
 His sultry fires, for ever though they glow,  
 Break not their bulwark of opposing snow;  
 Nor yet can Winter, who, incens'd, appears  
 To scorn the suns of many a thousand years,

By humid damps, or frigid blasts, enchain  
 The bold insurgent that invades his reign ;  
 On his white robe the flaming cinders beam,  
 His walls of frost confine the blazing stream,  
 While glowing rocks by loud explosion rent,  
 Roll their vast ruin down the steep descent ;  
 High in their cauldron boil th' infernal waves,  
 While Echo through her subterraneous caves  
 Reverberates along the dark abyss ;  
 The loud concussion and electric hiss  
 Shook to the centre of his ample reign  
 The trembling mountain agoniz'd with pain ;  
 From their deep channels lifts his subject floods,  
 O'erturns his vineyards, and unroots his woods ;  
 While night, in all her deepest horrors dress'd,  
 Throws o'er meridian Sol her gloomy vest ;  
 And, pleas'd to see the smoky fumes absorb  
 The clear resplendence of the radiant orb,  
 She boasts that vast destruction shall again  
 Restore old Chaos to earth's void domain.

Such are the views which Etna oft provides  
 For those whom wonder to his summit guides ;  
 To thee, Brydone, he gave the awful scene  
 Clad in stupendous dignity serene ;  
 When taste adjur'd thee the proud heights to scale,  
 To see the morning lift her orient veil,

When Phœbus, pleas'd Sicilia to behold,  
Shakes the wet ocean from his locks of gold,  
And the glad isle, rejoicing in the sight,  
Drinks his full beam and kindles into light.  
Ev'n as the waving flood of glory pours  
O'er mountains, rivers, cities, lakes, and shores,  
The rapt eye wand'ring the horizon round,  
Perceives no limit, no opposing bound;  
Wondering, it views great nature's self expand,  
Like a vast picture from its master's hand;  
Till the mind sinks, enfeebled by amaze,  
And aching vision quits the painful gaze.



AN

*ADDRESS TO POVERTY.*

**B**ORN in the northern desert rude,  
'Mid the hyena's ruthless brood,  
Where famish'd bears incessant prowls,  
And to night's silver empress howls,  
Where winter's unresisted hand  
Strews tempest o'er the ice-bound land,  
Oh, Poverty! thy furrow'd form  
Proves thee the daughter of the storm.  
Ah, me! I shudder to behold  
Thy horrid aspect, blank and cold,  
Thy haggard eye's petrific glare,  
Thy hollow cheek, thy matted hair;  
Trembling I view the ebony wand  
With which despair hath arm'd thy hand,  
Which on the throbbing bosom press'd  
Drives peace affrighted from its nest,  
And chases from the troubled brain  
Creative fancy's fairy train,  
The just ideas which engage  
The ingenious artist and the sage;

And the fine images which beam  
 On the rapt poet's waking dream :  
 No more shall hope, or pleasure bland,  
 Teach the warm features to expand ;  
 Nor bid the lively eye dispense  
 The glance of energy and sense ;  
 Health shall no more with roses streak  
 The lilies that surround the cheek ;  
 But there neglect's pale banner wave,  
 And care her deep-drawn wrinkles grave ;  
 No more the ready hand shall ask  
 Of industry its daily task,  
 Or, gen'rous of its little store,  
 Set wide the hospitable door ;  
 That hand unnerv'd and faint shall feel  
 Cold languor o'er its sinews steal,  
 E'er the warm breast which us'd to glow  
 With sympathy for human woe,  
 Absorb'd in wretchedness complete,  
 For its own anguish shall not beat,  
 Save when the vulture envy's fang  
 Afflicts it with a fiercer pang :  
 Want shall extinguish valour's blaze,  
 The pride of worth, the thirst for praise ;  
 Nay, to preserve a life abhorr'd,  
 Shall whet the midnight murd'rer's sword ;

Fear shall in vain abjure the deed,  
 Conscience alarm, or pity plead;  
 Love, now the only passion left,  
 Shall urge him to the bloody theft,  
 Shall paint the bed, where fleeting life  
 Still hovers round a famish'd wife;  
 Shall aggravate the clamours dire  
 Of infants wailing to their sire;  
 Distraction shall his brain infold—  
 He strikes, and grasps the dear-bought gold.

Sometimes a guileful spectre stalks  
 Companion of thy mournful walks,  
 Who, soothing, promises relief  
 To those who faint with smother'd grief;  
 Who hides the hope of better days,  
 Friendship's kind tear, and candour's praise;  
 Who still the pensive sufferer haunts  
 With slights, and injuries, and taunts,  
 And tells how interest from his breast  
 Drives what he once with joy carest;  
 Who talks of death, that house of peace,  
 Where the world's cruel scorns must cease;  
 Where want and woe torment no more—  
 Then shews the separating door;  
 And to the care-craz'd wretch reveals  
 The way to burst th' opposing seals;

He enters, let description spare  
The horrors that arrest him there.

Say, sullen Power! whose threat'ned rage  
Appals the warrior and the sage,  
Did there not heroes once exist,  
Who dar'd thy terrors to resist?  
Did not thy hardy vigour brace  
The nerves of Sparta's fearless race?  
Did not the Theban\* worship thee,  
Who dying saw his country free?  
And did not he, surnam'd the just †  
By venal Athens, in thee trust?  
Nymph of rude aspect! didst not thou  
Call the dictator ‡ to the plough?  
And bid Fabricius, sternly bold,  
Reject for thee th' Epirian gold?  
What beauties could these worthies trace,  
What charms alluring in thy face?  
Dost thou possess some magic spell?  
Methinks, as on thy face I dwell,  
Thine aspect softens by degrees,  
Till thy stern features faintly please.

"Despair," replies the Power austere,  
"Creates the phantom which you fear;

\* Epaminondas.

† Aristides.

‡ Cincinnatus.

" I hold no soul-appalling wand,  
 " No murd'rous rapine stains my hand;  
 " Ere vice and folly curs'd mankind  
 " With fancied woes and wants refin'd,  
 " I came, commission'd from the sky,  
 " Its favourite offspring, man, to try;  
 " Then patriots toil'd for fame unbought,  
 " Then chiefs my lowly dwelling sought;  
 " I look'd and mov'd the child of heav'n,  
 " Rob'd in a vest by patience giv'n;  
 " Who, sorrowing mortals to console,  
 " Wove in her loom the wondrous stole;  
 " My willing hands, with skill divine,  
 " To independence rear'd a shrine;  
 " That shrine the sterner virtues sought,  
 " There industry her precepts taught;  
 " There, when the arm of labour stay'd,  
 " Her thoughtful votaries often stray'd,  
 " The heavenly teacher there ador'd,  
 " And nature's noblest powers explor'd;  
 " Valour, ambition's throbs to calm,  
 " Surrender'd there the well-earn'd palm,  
 " And, yielding all his triumphs past,  
 " Rose victor of himself at last;  
 " Wisdom, oppress'd by conflict rude,  
 " Each thought malevolent subdu'd;

" There bade his prayers to heav'n ascend,  
 " For that vain world he could not mend.  
 " Here bow'd the patriot truly good,  
 " Who gratitude's warm wish withstood,  
 " Whose self-denying virtue wav'd  
 " The sceptre of the land he sav'd,  
 " And taught a nation to suspect  
 " The arm whose prowess could protect;  
 " And lastly, merit join'd the throng,  
 " Who, patient of injurious wrong,  
 " In my serene retirement sought  
 " The cordial of approving thought,  
 " And bow'd to virtue's calm control  
 " The strongest passions of the soul.  
 " Ye sons of Luxury, who rest  
 " On Pleasure's fascinating breast,  
 " Who deeply quaff her trait'rous bowl,  
 " Which numbs to apathy the soul;  
 " Or, in her giddy vortex hurl'd,  
 " Look scornful on the humbler world;  
 " No more, with selfish rude disdain,  
 " Insult my unprotected train,  
 " For oft beneath my rough disguise  
 " The latent form of honour lies;  
 " And sensibility still prone  
 " To feel the shafts by folly thrown,

- " Sorrow's indignant burst restrains,  
 " And only to my ear complains;  
 " Then rather o'er my house of woe  
 " The genial beams of bounty throw;  
 " Bid industry her lamp re-trim,  
 " And wake to toil each languid limb;  
 " Let cheerful hope, and harmless mirth,  
 " Still hover o'er the cottage hearth;  
 " To humble pride, to raise content,  
 " Yourselves that cottage hearth frequent;  
 " There view the pittance labour gains,  
 " There view how little life sustains,  
 " And in the labouring rustic trace  
 " The common wants of Adam's race,  
 " Thenceforth thy superflux employ,  
 " To gild thy brother's cot with joy.  
 " Perchance that lowly cot may hide  
 " A soul by my sharp ordeal tried;  
 " Who, lib'ral, noble, and humane,  
 " With fortune wag'd a conflict vain,  
 " But, led by honour's steady care,  
 " Uninjur'd pass'd each burning share;  
 " There genius too in nature's praise  
 " His artless symphonies may raise;  
 " And ere the zephyrs wake the spring,  
 " Like his attendant redbreast sing,

" Till careful want, with pressure hard,  
 " Stops in his flight th' unfriended bard.  
 " Thou worshipp'd idol of mankind,  
 " Misjudging Fortune! rash and blind,  
 " Assert thy proud pretensions; say,  
 " What worthies hast thou to display?  
 " Canst thou, in all thy num'rous band,  
 " Shew half the virtues I command?  
 " Hence then, thine arrogance resign,  
 " And blushing own the triumph mine.  
 " Go, let the world thine altars dress,  
 " Assume the port of happiness;  
 " That world, betray'd by thy deceit,  
 " Shall curse the visionary cheat;  
 " Me, once disdain'd, shall they behold  
 " Array'd in empyrean gold;  
 " Victorious palms my brow shall grace,  
 " And glory beautify my face,  
 " While I to realms of transport guide  
 " The conquerors by my perils tried."



## ELEGIES.

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### *ELEGY I.*

ON THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.

The sufferings of this truly amiable lady are too recent, and her fate must have made too deep an impression on every feeling mind, to render it necessary to particularize the incidents of her conduct which are alluded to in this elegy; it is much to be lamented, that so little is known of her behaviour, and that so little has been said of one who appears to exemplify the most exalted ideas of true female heroism.

**F**AIR flower of Bourbon's race, art thou unsung,  
Whose name in virtue's holy record shines?

Has the degen'rate muse no offerings hung

On the cold grave where thy mild form reclines?

Once, by the cherish'd urn of injur'd worth,

The queen of verse, a jealous guardian sate,

There wove her chaplets of immortal birth,

And bade vice tremble on the couch of state;

But now she mourns the new Epponia's \* doom,  
 And, hurrying to Moravia's distant plains,  
 Pervades the dungeon's pestilential gloom,  
 Where the firm consort shar'd her husband's  
 chains.

To suffering innocence renown is giv'n,  
 A pitying tear to wretched guilt belongs;  
 Why fail'd the muse to trace the hand of Heav'n,  
 The dread avenger of a monarch's wrongs?

Did not Fayette, while, crush'd by ruthless pow'r,  
 He watch'd the wasting taper's pallid ray,  
 Oft recollect the Temple's murderous tower,  
 Or the damp cell where beauteous Austria lay?

Did not the image of remorseless pride,  
 And cruel treason, hover round his bed,  
 When Gallia's heir in listless torpor died,  
 Or when Eliza on the scaffold bled?

No horrid visions haunted thy repose,  
 Fair maid of France! for virtue's sunny blaze,  
 E'en from the malice of invidious foes,  
 Preserves the record of thy blameless days.

\* Madame La Fayette has been distinguished by that name in some recent publications.

In youth's enchanting dawn, when Fancy's hand  
 Strews o'er the opening years the flow'rs of spring,  
 Thy steadfast courage sham'd the timid band  
 Who fled the fortunes of a fallen king.

The willing partner of each thrilling scene  
 Of wanton insult, terror, and disgrace;  
 The soft consoler of the wretched queen,  
 The kind instructor of her helpless race.

Sweet patient sufferer! through the wintry eve  
 I see thee watch the casement's iron grate,  
 To catch the fluttering fragment, or receive  
 Some whisper'd tidings of thy brother's fate.

Methinks I see thee clasp his parting hand,  
 Fix on his gracious form thy straining eye,  
 Catch with suspended sense his last command,  
 And learn from him to triumph and to die.

Methinks I see thee reverently kneel,  
 While brutal atheists mock the pious prayer,  
 Still of the God, who while he wounds can heal,  
 Imploring courage to subdue despair.

While wasting sorrow fades their early bloom,  
 I see thee o'er the royal orphans bend ;  
 And as they wildly ask their mother's doom,  
 Or weep the fortunes of some murder'd friend,

Like some mild angel, pitying human grief,  
 I see thine arms the feeble mourners raise,  
 Hopeless thyself, or careless of relief,  
 For them, thy fancy points to better days.

Thy virtue sprung not from the ethic rules  
 Besprinkled thinly o'er the classic page ;  
 Not from the senseless rant of modern schools,  
 Whose impious jargon shames a polish'd age ;

Thou didst not curse thy murderers, nor conceal  
 An abject fear in pride's imperious tone,  
 Nor snatch from Suicide her crimson steel,  
 To brave Omnipotence in worlds unknown.

Thine was true Christian virtue, which inspires  
 A force impervious to the powers of hell,  
 Uninjur'd by oppression's searching fires,  
 Safe from seductive pleasure's magic spell.

Before that bar where pity never yearn'd,  
 Where mercy never urg'd her suppliant claim,  
 From whence with angry blushes justice turn'd  
 Indignant at his prostituted name,

There didst thou stand, and, certain of thy fate,  
 With decent majesty the blood-hounds brave;  
 There boldly recognize the regal state,  
 And scorn the subterfuge too weak to save.

I see her on the scaffold, mid the herd  
 Of common victims basely doom'd to bleed;  
 Not all the trophies by success conferr'd  
 Can veil the horrors of that impious deed.

She weeps!—her murd'ers with ensanguin'd bands  
 Stain her fair locks, no more to be unbound;  
 She lifts in silent agony her hands,  
 And rolls her supplicating eyes around.

Why wept the martyr?—For the public weal,  
 For Gallia, bending with unnumber'd crimes,  
 Or for her fellow-sufferers doom'd to feel  
 The deadly pressure of the iron times?

Or in the moment of impending death,  
 Did her sad fancy to the Temple turn,  
 Where, with wild aspect and suspended breath,  
 The trembling children wait her wish'd return ?

Or did the savage pomp, the dire array,  
 Bid her chill heart with virgin terrors faint,  
 Arrest her spirit on its heavenly way,  
 And check the transports of the dying saint ?

Though no kind hand its wish'd support supplied,  
 Or at her parting pangs with decent care  
 Compos'd her limbs, or from the gory tide  
 In dear memorial snatch'd her sacred hair ;

Though neither chaunted dirge nor solemn rite  
 Hymn'd her pure relics to their dusty bed,  
 Rudely interr'd where everlasting night  
 (So hope the guilty) sepulchres the dead ;

O'er her the baleful cypress waves in vain,  
 Tyrants, your impious mock'ry she defies ;  
 Applauding angels sung her funeral strain,  
 And hail'd her spirit soaring to the skies.

Tyrants, the saint forgave your feeble rage ;  
 For every pang your malice would employ,  
 Fresh bliss is her's, while pure, from age to age,  
 Unwasted flows the stream of heavenly joy.



*ELEGY II.*

THE KING OF FRANCE, TO CLERY, HIS VALET,  
ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

This Poem was published in the Gentleman's Magazine, for  
December, 1793.

**D**OES faithful Clery waken me with tears ?  
Oh! rather triumph at thy Lord's release,  
And bless the morning that to me appears  
The welcome prelude to eternal peace.

Pass but one awful agonizing hour,  
One arduous conflict let me but sustain,  
Then, rescu'd from the insolence of power,  
No bars shall hold me, and no guards restrain ;

No impious insults shall offend my ears ;  
No murder'd subjects shock my startled eyes ;  
But I shall listen to harmonious spheres,  
And gaze enraptur'd on unfolding skies.

Rumour no more shall blazon every fault;  
 Or slander feign the crimes my soul abhorr'd,  
 But pitying cherubs, through the heavenly vault,  
 Shall chaunt my sufferings and their bright re-  
 ward.

No longer shall thy helpless sovereign mourn  
 O'er slaughter'd friends who teach him how to die;  
 No longer suffer at the hard return  
 Of cold ingratitude's averted eye :

No more from low-born tyrants shall he crave  
 The poor supplies they scantily withhold ;  
 In life's full fountain he shall largely lave,  
 And scorn the poverty of earthly gold.

No perishable crowns (fallacious lures  
 To tempt ambition) shall oppress his brow ;  
 His future pomp eternity secures,  
 And starry diadems await him now.

Long have the vilest of earth's abject race  
 On prostrate greatness fix'd the scornful heel ;  
 Tir'd of reproach, injustice, and disgrace,  
 I to the audit of my God appeal.

Come, faithful servant, raise thy drooping head,  
 Thy tears my wish'd beatitude delay;  
 Attire thy master for his dusty bed,  
 'Tis the last office which thy love can pay.

That duty ended, seek thy widow'd queen,  
 Much will she ask, and much hast thou to tell;  
 Say, that, in conscious innocence serene,  
 As Christians and as heroes fall—I fell.

Remind my son, if haply he should live,  
 How much I needed and enjoy'd thy care;  
 When I had nothing but distress to give,  
 Thy strong affection claim'd in grief a share.

But see! I'm summon'd: Great Creator, deign  
 To pardon all, and yet my country save;  
 That peace thy servant sought on earth in vain,  
 Give to his soul in worlds beyond the grave.

### *ELEGY III.*

TO THE REVEREND WM. MASON, ON HEARING  
THAT HE HAD EXPRESSED A FAVOURABLE  
OPINION OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

The concluding Stanzas were added after his Death.

**C**EASE, timid diffidence, to check the lays  
Which to the master of the lyre belong;  
Nor fear that censure will arraign the praise  
Whose warmth is sanction'd by unrivall'd song.

His gen'rous heart with liberal feeling fraught,  
O'er my gross errors threw compassion's veil;  
Nor by the rules which Grecian sages taught  
Adjudg'd the conduct of my artless tale.

Sway'd by the candour still to genius dear,  
Which pleas'd approves, and willingly befriends,  
He heard my rustic song with patient ear,  
And class'd my name with those whom taste  
commends.

Here let my soul audacious pride confine,  
 Nor hope remembrance with those deathless  
 names;

Nor yet to justice the decree assign,  
 Whose prompt decision lenient mercy claims.

Yet may I tell, how in my early age,  
 Ere partial gratitude esteem compell'd,  
 My eye in Mason's ever-during page,  
 The radiant form of Poesy beheld.

Such as of old, when liberty and truth  
 Adorn'd the Muses shrine with fond regard,  
 When emulation rous'd th' attentive youth  
 To realize the visions of the bard.

While yet I ponder'd the enchanting song,  
 My kindled soul inspiring powers confess'd,  
 The bold idea rose sublimely strong,  
 And verse, spontaneous, heav'd my glowing breast.

To me, the copier's praise alone remains,  
 Should transient merit in the verse be found;  
 To him my trembling hand inscribes the strains  
 His rapturous lays inspir'd, his fiat crown'd.

Offspring of Hell and Sin, terrific king !  
 How thy dread sceptre sways this mundane  
 sphere,

Ere trembling gratitude could wake the string,  
 Thine icy touch hath clos'd the list'ner's ear.

The garland fades, which erst my anxious hand  
 Deck'd with the cheerful hues of modest flowers,  
 And in its stead behold a sombrous band  
 Of cypress, sacred to funereal powers.

Mute is the lyre, whose animating strains  
 Entranc'd the Naiad of the northern Ouse ;  
 Yon solemn death-bell tells us what remains  
 Of him once dear to science and the Muse.

Yes, still Elfrida weeps in Harewood's grove,  
 Still does the Cambrian chief each bosom warm ;  
 And many a victim of unutter'd love  
 Still traces mild Nerina's drooping form.

Cold is the hand that penn'd th' instructive lays,  
 Which bade Hesperian fields renew their bloom ;  
 Loud burst our plaudits ; but terrestrial praise  
 Lifts not the mantle which involves the tomb.

Yet say, will taste, with vapid fashion join'd,  
 On that lov'd tomb perpetual offerings pour?  
 Will no fierce Vandal, falsely call'd refin'd,  
 Prophane the silent harp which sounds no more?

“ Oh, perishable grace of mortal man !”  
 Oh, fame more fleeting than our fleeting breath,  
 How blest the bard whose comprehensive plan  
 Disdains the rage of envy, time, and death.



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*ELEGY IV.*

TO A LADY, FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD  
RECEIVED SOME COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

WHEN virtue's praise salutes th' enraptur'd  
ear,

When judgment smiles, to obvious errors blind ;  
Should not humility self-conscious fear,  
Lest hateful vanity usurp the mind ?

In smiles that syren decks her soothing face,  
And apes perfection when disgusting most ;  
Her look can wither beauty's softest grace,  
And force desert to mourn her glories lost.

Art thou my friend, that with insidious praise  
Hast bound my soul by this bewitching charm ;  
And hast thou deck'd the spell with sweeter lays,  
Such as a stoic's frigid breast might warm ?

See affectation waste each mental store,  
As mem'ry ponders on thy attic strain ;  
Exertion wings her rapid flight no more,  
But yields to slothful indolence the rein.

Is not the lily of the valley sweet,  
Fenc'd by the woodland hazle's genial shade ?  
Expose its foliage to the solar heat,  
And mark how soon its snowy honours fade.

Resume thy fatal plaudit, nor control  
The sovereign mandate of the tuneful nine ;  
Still let me think that distant lies the goal,  
Unconscious still delight, if to delight be mine.



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*ELEGY V.*

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED SOON AFTER  
HER MARRIAGE.

**A**DMIR'D and lost, just welcom'd and deplor'd,  
Cam'st thou, fair nymph, to wake delight and  
grief;

Like Lapland summers, with each beauty stor'd,  
Transient like them, and exquisitely brief?

Pale are thy coral lips, and clos'd thine eyes,  
Expression sleeps, and harmony is mute;  
The spoiler Death on each fine feature lies,  
Like blasting cankers on the choicest fruit.

I took thy hand; it met my grasp no more  
With kindly warmth; inanimate it fell;  
I wept; but sympathy's mild reign is o'er,  
Nor can that icy breast responsive swell.

To deck her tomb appropriate emblems find,  
White roses blighted, with their buds emboss'd,  
The frail acacia broken by the wind,  
And myrtles shrivel'd by protracted frost.

There wedded love, with torch revers'd, should  
stand,

And gaze upon the ruin death has made;  
While weeping virtues weave the cypress band,  
And soothe with dirges the reposing shade.

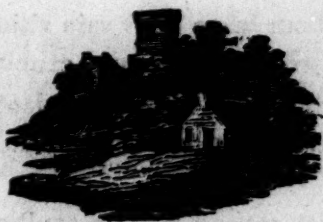
There, whilst dissolving to its parent dust,  
The eye reverts from what it once ador'd,  
Till the archangel summoning the just  
Shall call the sleeper to attend her Lord.

The lark shall o'er her chaunt his matin hymn,  
And household red-breast woo his speckled mate;  
The glow-worm too shall there at evening trim  
His elfin taper in sepulchral state.

With love unchang'd through many a varying year,  
At stated seasons, friendship shall return  
To plant fresh posies round the honour'd bier,  
To weed the thistle that o'erhangs the urn.

We rise progressively, we bloom and fade,  
And having deck'd it occupy the grave;  
Soon by the mourn'd the mourner shall be laid,  
And ask the tribute she to others gave.

Vain in our pleasures, vainer in our cares,  
Bound on the wheel of time we rise and fall ;  
Yet present wrong Eternity repairs,  
The mighty empress and the judge of all.



## *ELEGY VI.*

ON VISITING THE SEPULCHRAL VAULT OF A  
NOBLE FAMILY.

COME, let us visit our primeval earth,  
Our future home, that dark but peaceful clime;  
Check the gay sallies of exulting mirth,  
And think of worlds beyond the sport of time:

Think of the hour when life's vain vision ends,  
When ancestry's long honours cannot please;  
When power is sever'd from dependant friends,  
When pleasure leans not on the couch of ease.

Come, and with me yon solemn vault explore,  
See where F\*\*\*\*\*'s mighty sires recline;  
The harp of praise is tun'd for them no more,  
No more on them the beams of glory shine.

No haughty menial, cherish'd in the blaze  
Of borrow'd greatness, guards the stately door,  
Lest slumb'ring pomp, expos'd to vulgar gaze,  
Should know that anguish grinds the suffering poor.

No more with aspect, elegant, and bland,  
 Shall condescension raise the suppliant's eye,  
 Appear to stretch protection's yielded hand,  
 Reject with sweetness, and with grace deny.

Lost is that nameless fascinating charm,  
 Which cast o'er grandeur its delusive beams,  
 Powerful to soothe, to sadden, to alarm,  
 Prolific parent of Utopian dreams.

No more shall fluttering pageantry engage  
 The bended knee, nor check the faltering breath;  
 It moves the pity of the passing sage,  
 While its pale banners deck the throne of death.

There shall Ambition moralizing stand,  
 And whilst he muses o'er the marble bust,  
 Will he not oft of arrogance demand,  
 What sign inherent marks the noble dust?

Here, owning kindred with the rustic train,  
 Whose humble lot was cast at distance far,  
 That dust alike awaits the trumpet's strain,  
 The fearful summons to one awful bar.

The gilded coronet, the scutcheon'd pall,  
 The leaden sepulchre, the nodding plume,  
 Serve but to tell us that the mighty fall,  
 That Adam's offspring share one common doom.

Is then the thirst for eminence and fame  
 By heav'n implanted in the human soul?  
 What finite limits bound each generous aim,  
 How short our journey to one destin'd goal!

The hero rises in his country's cause,  
 The pleader speaks the list'ning world to charm;  
 Pass but a few short pæans of applause,  
 Mute is that tongue, and stiff that valiant arm.

Then whilst surviving ostentation frames  
 The pomp funereal, and the proud array,  
 Disowns equality in death, and claims  
 Posthumous honours for patrician clay;

Griev'd, or unconscious of the pageant shew,  
 The naked spirit to its God ascends,  
 Resigns its interest in the world below,  
 And seeks a region where distinction ends.

So speaks a preacher from F\*\*\*\*\*'s tomb;

Let not the warning voice be vainly spent;

Here let the mighty lowlier thoughts assume,

Here gaze, ye poor, and gazing learn content.



## ELEGY VII.

### INSCRIPTION FOR A RUINED HERMITAGE.

This Elegy has been printed in some periodical Work.

---

*The Hermit's Spectre is supposed to speak.*

THE world unknowing, by the world unknown,  
By science nurtur'd, bless'd with health and  
ease,

I tasted joys from crowded cities flown,  
And learn'd the science how myself to please.

Regardless who should hold the reins of power,  
No anxious cares my fancy could enslave;  
Save, ere rude winter stripp'd my leafy bower,  
To pile with choicest fruit my rocky cave.

Here my employ, the best that man can find,  
Was meditation, nurse of thoughts sublime!  
Vast are the treasures of th' immortal mind,  
And long the chain from human to divine!

That chain to scan, those treasures to display,  
 To view delighted rich creation's store,  
 Through the vast maze of infinite to stray,  
 And the great Ruler duly to adore;

For this I liv'd; nor thou, young stranger, deem  
 The tear of pity to Alcander due;  
 To joys monastic, slight in thine esteem,  
 From fame, from fortune, and from love, I flew.

Scorn not the lessons of time-tutor'd age;  
 Like thee I thought in life's delightful prime;  
 Eager my country's favour to engage,  
 I gave to her that valued wealth—my time.

The love of man, ill-founded love! inspir'd  
 A gen'rous passion, but it charm'd not long;  
 Amaz'd I saw, how sordid interest fir'd  
 Alike the noble and the vulgar throng.

To prove their hearts, I seem'd by sorrow bow'd,  
 And found the friend I trusted most was flown;  
 Incens'd to see th' unlook'd-for change, I vow'd  
 To live thereafter to myself alone.

Yet from the world this useful truth I glean'd—  
 That nothing mortal can the soul suffice;  
 Gradual from man my wandering thoughts I wean'd,  
 Arrang'd, compos'd, and plum'd them for the skies.

Yon mouldering grot with moss and ivy cas'd,  
 To ruin verging, was my lov'd retreat;  
 My favourite garden yon uncultur'd waste,  
 Those sapless oaks my shade from noon-day heat.

The spot is sacred where the dead repose:  
 May no rude foot invade my once-lov'd cell!  
 Unhurt may Philomel here chaunt her woes,  
 Here undisturb'd the lark and throstle dwell!



## *ELEGY VIII.*

### JEPHTHA'S VOW.

This Elegy is a very juvenile performance. The author entreats the public to excuse her for inserting it, as an introduction to the ebullitions of gratitude and sorrow with which it now concludes, addressed to the memory of that excellent friend, by whom the subject was originally suggested as a proper theme for a serious poem.

**T**HOU sweet composer of earth-nurtur'd care,  
Seraphic Poesy! be thine the praise,  
To watch where Virtue sheds her lonely tear,  
And bind her forehead with immortal bays.

Gild not the haunts of opulence and pride,  
Nor paint delusive Pleasure's syren groves;  
For nobler ends thine empire spreads so wide,  
And nobler themes thy genius best approves.

Say, when of old in Jewry's sacred clime  
The nymphs of Sion learn'd thy hallow'd lore,  
Was she unsung, whose duty was her crime,  
Or he unpitied who thus rashly swore?

" Jehovah, Israel's god ! give me to-day  
 " To chase yon boasters of proud Ammon's line ;  
 " My soul thus vows its gratitude to pay,  
 " Whate'er from Mizpeh first I meet, is thine."

Short was the triumph, Jephtha, of thy sword ;  
 Thy dear-lov'd daughter for the triumph paid ;  
 Exulting Israel scorn'd a foreign lord,  
 But Thirza wander'd through the joyless shade.

Exil'd from life ! for this, unhappy fair,  
 Did winning beauty bless thy form benign ;  
 To hymn dull dirges mid the desert air,  
 Did female sense and female sweetness join ?

Did not love teach thee, when thine absent sire  
 Return'd to Mizpeh from triumphant chace,  
 To sing his praises to thy chorded lyre,  
 And fly to meet him, eager to embrace ?

Yet think, ye fathers ! ye, who oft have prov'd  
 Intense delight insufferable pain,  
 Think what he felt, who much, who justly lov'd,  
 When now he saw her springing o'er the plain !

An only child! and on his wrinkled brow  
 The hand of age impress'd its certain sway;  
 Ev'n as the oak, on whose aspiring bough  
 The white moss spreading indicates decay.

On that lov'd child, sole object of his care,  
 His failing strength for wish'd support relies;  
 Her pious task some gen'rous youth might share,  
 Their beauteous offspring close their grandsire's  
 eyes.

" Vain were these hopes! He shrinks from her em-  
 " brace:

" My injur'd daughter! now receive thy doom;  
 " Thou must abjure the sight of human race,  
 " And dedicate to heaven thine early bloom.

" Such oath, the purchase of success, I swore,  
 " Recording angels grav'd it in the sky;  
 " My child I meant not—Spare this precious store,  
 " All else—yet whither should the perjurd fly?"

" Perform thy vows!" replied the holy maid,  
 And to all-ruling heav'n submissive bow'd,  
 Nor fear'd the horrors of the gloomy shade,  
 Nor saw the sorrows of the weeping crowd.

Giv'n to her God! with deep religious awe  
 At Shilo's hallow'd shrine she knelt and pray'd,  
 The solemn rites her frantic father saw,  
 And beat his bosom whilst his child obey'd.

To him she lifts her consecrated hands,  
 Implores his blessing, wipes away his tears;  
 They part—around her flock the virgin bands,  
 The fair associates of her happier years!

He tears the victor garland from his brow,  
 His deep groans echo o'er the vallies far;  
 Ye rescu'd nations, cheer your chieftain now,  
 Now sooth his anguish with the songs of war.

Behold the sainted maid with trembling feet  
 Ascend the destin'd hill, her future bourn:  
 Hear her attendant maidens, sad, repeat,  
 "Thou goest, O Thirza, never to return!"

To gather food, she press'd with patient tread  
 The green moss glitt'ring in the solar ray;  
 And still, ere eve the train of darkness led,  
 Pac'd to the leafy bower her silent way.

Duly, at stated times, the virgin bands  
 Sought her abode and mix'd the social tear,  
 And oft receiv'd from her respected hands,  
 The garland token of affection dear.

Nor holy duties, nor sequester'd joy,  
 Could all at once extinguish nature's flame;  
 Oft did regret her lonely hours employ,  
 As social passion urg'd its various claim.

Time's gradual power each forceful cord unties,  
 Love's fires grow faint, e'en mem'ry fades away;  
 Now the mild suff'rer, eager for the skies,  
 Implores dismissal from th' incumb'ring clay.

Then soon an angel's whisp'ring voice she hears,  
 "Blest virgin! thou no more shalt sorrow prove,  
 "Well hast thou borne the conflict, dry thy tears,  
 "And join our full society of love.

"Omniscient heav'n thy future fortunes knew,  
 "Whatills would grieve, what vices would allure;  
 "Thee from the world in mercy it withdrew,  
 "And kept thy virtue from pollution pure.

“ Midst Gilead’s nymphs unequall’d was thy fame,

“ But flattery’s voice would soon have waken’d

“ pride;

“ Soon would thy soul have bow’d to Belial’s name,

“ Thy father’s God forgotten or defied.

“ That father, rich in fame, and rich in thee,

“ Vain of such gifts, the giver would have spurn’d;

“ Admonish’d now by his own rash decree,

“ To humble duty is his soul return’d.

“ Though no precarious human aid be nigh,

“ Though no fond friend thy dying sighs receive,

“ Faith guides thy speedy journey to the sky,

“ Thy crowns of triumph joyful angels weave.

“ Vain are the sorrows of a few short years,

“ And vain the bliss which fades as soon as giv’n;

“ Blest each event which through this vale of tears

“ Led thy undeviating course to heaven.”

So, at Aurelia’s lov’d request, I sang,

When the gay hours flew lightly o’er my head;

These lines retrac’d, awake the painful pang

Due to the virtues of the honour’d dead.

Esteem'd in life, admir'd for ev'ry power  
 Of mental energy, or solid worth,  
 All that exhilarates the social hour,  
 Or guides us through our pilgrimage on earth.

My grateful muse, with filial rev'rence warm,  
 Deplores the parent of her early lays,  
 Who shew'd her Glory's animating form,  
 And wak'd the gen'rous love of honest praise.

On thy respected tomb the verse I lay,  
 By my tears blotted, tutor'd by my heart,  
 That verse which mourns the premature decay  
 That bade ev'n friendship wish thee what thou  
 art.

Mourn, pride of wisdom! pride of genius mourn!  
 Colloquial sense, and elocution clear,  
 Hang your torn trophies on this honour'd urn,  
 Aurelia waits th' archangel's summons here.

## *ELEGY IX.*

TO MISS \*\*\*\*, ON HER FIRST BIRTH-DAY  
AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

**T**URN, pensive friendship, from the sacred tomb,  
Where sad thou musest on departed worth;  
With languid smiles thy tearful cheeks illume,  
And hail the morn that gave to Anna birth.

Dear to my heart! may innocence and truth  
With rip'ning knowledge bless thy future hours;  
Preserve uninjur'd the fine gloss of youth,  
Confirm thy virtues, and expand thy powers.

This day, lov'd orphan, o'er thine opening charms  
No mother hangs to mark th' unfolding rose;  
No more enraptur'd folds thee in her arms,  
And blesses heav'n who paid with thee her throes;

No more by rigid truth's impartial scale  
Decides th' improvements of the lapsed year;  
Now feels delight or now regret prevail,  
Chides with a kiss, and pardons with a tear.

No more she warns of error's latent snare,  
 Or strengthens thy young virtues by her own;  
 Or turning from thee pours the ardent prayer,  
 By angels wafted to th' Eternal's throne.

Cold is that bosom where thy head should rest,  
 Unnerv'd and lifeless that protecting arm,  
 Mute is that voice which wisdom's lore express'd,  
 And clos'd those eyes whose ev'ry glance could  
 charm.

The pure, intelligent, informing mind,  
 Rescu'd from torture's pang, and terror's frown,  
 Above yon stars with saints and seraphs join'd,  
 Expects thy coming and prepares thy crown.

To thee may all thy mother's worth be giv'n,  
 May the rich mantle of her graces fall,  
 As did Elijah's when he soar'd to heaven,  
 And close enwrap thee in its hallow'd pall!

Long may'st thou live, and through progressive years  
 Improve thy moral and thy mental stores;  
 Long may'st thou live to wipe a father's tears,  
 And give him back the angel he deplores!

ON  
*THE DEATH OF* —

DEC. 11, 1794.

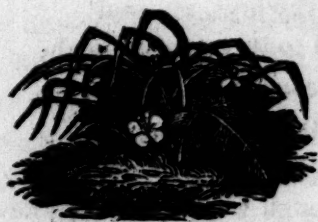
**N**OT with the vulgar grief, the selfish sighs  
Of minds illiberal; not with studied phrase  
Of pompous adulation, or wild shriek  
Of clamorous despair; not with dismay,  
Contagious anguish caught from other's looks,  
When fame sonorous tells of public ills,  
And shakes the trembling million; not for these  
Wreathe I my lyre with cypress, and attend  
Melpomene's pale orgies, queen of sighs,  
Whose tears embalm the mighty: Lo, I come,  
By private friendship call'd, with decent woe,  
Such as religion loves and nature claims  
From contemplative spirits, who admire  
Those fine retiring virtues, which remote  
From public ken, like high exalted stars,  
Withhold their beauties from the common gaze,  
To pour them full on rapt Attention's eye.

Oh night and silence, friends to pensive thought,  
Still ye at measur'd intervals return

To wake the memory of departed joys,  
 A sweet, yet mournful labour. Say, what form  
 First lifts the veil of fancy, and usurps  
 The solemn hour? 'tis Anna's, 'tis the friend's,  
 Almost to fond idolatry rever'd :  
 Again she comes, now with benignant grace,  
 With smiles that charm and elevate the soul,  
 The laugh of cheerful innocence chastis'd  
 By polish'd sense and chaste propriety.  
 Now on the bed of restless anguish stretch'd,  
 An uncomplaining sufferer ; her meek eyes  
 Fix'd lingering upon life, as craving leave  
 To guide a child to cheer a mother's age,  
 To patronize distress ; anon o'erpower'd  
 By pangs far shooting to the seat of life,  
 She grinds her teeth in torture, and implores  
 The poppy's aid Lethean, " blessed plant !"  
 She grateful nam'd it, salutary aid  
 Of patience overcome, Again reviv'd,  
 Sooth'd by approving conscience, she confirms  
 Her soul with hope, and views her future home,  
 The starry realms, where minds beatified  
 Hold full communion ; there she humbly craves  
 Though but the meanest throne. Ah ! sainted friend :  
 Where shall thy distant copyist be found,  
 If thine the meanest ? Here, as sad I pause,

And ponder silent on my erring ways,  
 Dark awful visions rise ; and now thou seemst  
 A pale worn corse, clad in funereal weeds,  
 Mortality's last robe ; cold is thy hand  
 To friendship's grasp ; clos'd are thy gentle eyes,  
 Even on thy daughter clos'd ; and mute thy voice,  
 Which breath'd divine instruction. Frantic grown,  
 Wild I exclaim, spread not the veil of death,  
 Remove that icy mantle, which conceals  
 The meek intelligence, the soothing charms  
 That sported round that countenance benign,  
 And wak'd to rapture the beholder's soul.  
 Expressive excellence, can this be she  
 Who in the morning of my untaught youth,  
 Rose like a sun upon my mental night,  
 And kindled emulation's generous beam ?  
 Is this the face in which my searching eye  
 Read the warm energies of native worth,  
 Refin'd by studious culture ? Tell me where  
 Is the glad smile that welcom'd my approach,  
 When my light foot exulting sought her bowers ?  
 Where is the sweet anxiety that bent  
 O'er all my woes, instructing while it sooth'd ?  
 Where is the ready zeal, the prompt applause,  
 The kind reluctant censure ? Bleeds my heart !  
 Still let it bleed ; another self it mourns !

Dark and unjoyous now to fancy's eye,  
Arise my future years ; with trembling hand  
The muse foregoes her viol, parting strikes  
The plaintive chords and wakes a feeble strain :  
Why should she sing ? Cold is the ear of death ;  
The voice of praise resounds not from the tomb ;  
The hands in dust dissolving, cannot weave  
The willing chaplet : O be dumb, my Muse !  
Approving friendship claims thy song no more !



*A Paraphrase on the 122d Psalm, composed by that eminent reformer, Zuinglius, on his death-bed, and translated by Mr. Merrick, suggested the idea of the following free Version*

OF THE

### ***EIGHTY-FOURTH PSALM.***

**H**OW fair my raptur'd fancy paints  
The dwelling of triumphant saints,  
Celestial Salem ! seat ador'd,  
Thou city of our victor lord ;  
Impatient of thy joys, my soul  
Pants onward to its promis'd goal ;  
Intent the heavenly hills to scale,  
It braves death's separating vale,  
And, trusting in Jehovah's power,  
Fears not, though worms this flesh devour.  
Oh ! for the sparrow's buoyant wing,  
Or fleeter swallow, child of spring ;  
These birds by sudden storms oppress'd,  
For shelter seek their distant nest ;  
But I, while round me tempests beat,  
In vain my promis'd home entreat ;

Angelic squadrons, sons of morn,  
 And ye by death to life new-born ;  
 Ye, who before the eternal King,  
 The wonders of redemption sing ;  
 Who on the fount of being gaze ;  
 Your dwelling, peace ; your duty, praise :  
 Ye denizens of Heaven's bright towers,  
 How are ye bless'd, exalted powers ;  
 And next ye, happy is the saint,  
 Who militant on earth, and faint  
 As through life's devious path he strays,  
 To God commits his wand'ring ways ;  
 And through the sultry vale explores  
 The stream which truth's clear fountain pours ;  
 There, as the draught his strength renews,  
 With added zeal his course pursues,  
 Till, as terrestrial objects fail,  
 Eternity withdraws her veil,  
 And gives to his enraptur'd thought  
 The home he lov'd, the Heav'n he sought.

Transcendant being, who, replete  
 With glory, there hast fix'd thy seat ;  
 My God, my Father, gracious hear  
 The prayer that flows from lips sincere :  
 I own more exquisite content  
 From one day in thy service spent,

Than all the wasted years consign'd  
To follies, turbulent and blind;  
O let, amid thy realm divine,  
The lowliest, humblest, seat be mine,  
Rather than here on earth possess  
The pomp of guilty happiness;  
For Deity's irradiate beam  
Sheds o'er that land a light supreme,  
God is its bulwark and its grace,  
And lo, to glad the ransom'd race,  
His bounty from exhaustless stores,  
Profuse the cup of blessing pours.  
Happy the soul whose fond desires  
To this beatitude aspires,  
Who journeys on from grace to grace,  
Till glory end and crown the race.



## TO DEATH.

WRITTEN ON EASTER EVE, AT A VERY  
EARLY AGE.

**W**HERE are thy conquests, grisly king?  
Where now thy boasted power?  
Bereft of thine eternal sting,  
Poor monarch of an hour!

We feel thy dread arrest prevail,  
The lamp of life expires,  
Clos'd are thine eyes, thy cheeks are pale,  
And the freed soul retires.

Thy rage and impotence disdain'd,  
The soul ascends the skies;  
Nor is the body long detain'd,  
The body too shall rise.

Hop'st thou in charnel vaults to reign  
O'er heaps of mouldering earth?  
That mouldering earth shall wake again,  
And spring to second birth.

'Thine impious hand once dar'd to chain  
The lord of life and light,  
He foil'd thee in thine own domain,  
And burst the gates of night.

The grave that victim view'd with awe,  
Fore-doom'd its powers to end;  
And Hell's pale king affrighted saw  
The victor God descend.

No more, O Death! thy vale we dread,  
It leads to endless day;  
We know th' eternal Truth hath said,  
Thy sting is pluck'd away.



ON THE  
*DEATH OF A FRIEND.*

This appeared in some Magazine, the Author believes  
it was in the Literary.

“ **I**S there a duty unfulfill'd ?”  
Miranda, calm enquir'd ;  
Whilst admiration wept applause,  
She worshipp'd and expir'd.

I watch'd the flutt'ring pulse of life,  
I felt it stop and cease ;  
Yet on the lips the parting soul  
Diffus'd the smile of peace.

A pause ensu'd, an awful pause,  
A pause of pious awe :  
The triumphs of a Christian life,  
And Christian faith, we saw.

Affection in her big-swoln eye  
Restrain'd the rising tear,  
And, while the soul return'd to God,  
Was dumb with holy fear.

She saw, at least with mental ken,  
 Angelic forms descend ;  
 They seem'd to wipe the dews of death,  
 And sooth her tortur'd friend.

The entrance of the world unseen  
 From mental films they clear'd ;  
 And when the silver cord was loos'd,  
 Their parting wings were heard.

Ye cold hard hearts, whose iron nerves  
 Compassion never press'd,  
 Who ne'er with love or pity's tear  
 The nobler feelings feast,

Do not the visions hope supplies,  
 To cheer affliction, scorn ;  
 Well might Miranda's closing scene  
 Attract the sons of morn.

The sufferer's mind compos'd, serene,  
 Nor doubt, nor dread avow'd,  
 But, human efforts tried in vain,  
 To Heav'n submissive bow'd.

To Heav'n, the mother and the wife  
 Resign'd those sacred ties,  
 Which, in a heart less nobly firm,  
 Had bade reluctance rise.

With feeble, yet with strict embrace,  
 She held each darling child ;  
 Clasp'd in its dying parent's arms  
 Th' unconscious infant smil'd.

Her parting charge, her firm adieu,  
 She breath'd in virtue's tone ;  
 And, as she gave the kiss of death,  
 Suppress'd the rising groan.

'Tis done ; terrestrial duties clos'd,  
 Enough hath faith been tried ;  
 She took the sacramental bread,  
 Receiv'd the cup, and died.

Ye cruel sceptics, who from man  
 His noblest hopes would tear,  
 Can ye the terminating scene  
 With such composure bear ?

When every sinew shrinks with pain,  
 When the pulse feebly beats,  
 And life's warm current to the heart  
 From each cold limb retreats,

Annihilation's chilling views  
 Can ye support unmov'd;  
 Or bid eternally farewell  
 To all in life belov'd?

Thou only, bright Religion! canst  
 O'er Death's assaults prevail;  
 Caught on thy radiant shield of faith,  
 I saw his arrows fail.

Sweet Cherub! thou o'er pallid grief  
 Canst comfort's balm diffuse,  
 And from the tomb where virtue sleeps  
 To Heaven exalt its views.

Upheld by thee, Miranda clos'd  
 Serene her spotless life,  
 And the fond husband to his God  
 Resign'd his angel wife.

Religious hope dispels the tear  
By grief to mem'ry given ;  
The love that virtue rear'd on earth  
Is perfected in Heaven.



## EPITAPH

ON THE

REVEREND DR. HILL,

OF THORPE-MALSOR, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

Who was struck with Death while administering the Sacrament, on  
Easter Sunday, 1793. He had long requested to die in the per-  
formance of his clerical Duty.

**I** BROKE the bread, I pour'd the mystic wine,  
In dear remembrance of my dying Lord ;  
Kneeling, I took the consecrated sign  
Of pardon ratified and grace restor'd.

“ Lord, let thy servant now in peace depart,”  
I said, and Heav'n bestow'd the death I pray'd,  
Struck mid its awful joy my grateful heart,  
And call'd me to the Master I obey'd.

# SONNETS.

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## SONNET I.

IN THE

CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It was reported, that on seeing the King the night previous to his execution, she was induced by the serenity of his aspect to believe that his life had been spared.

**E**RE now 'tis fix'd—And see! with smiling air  
My husband comes, the welcome news to bring!  
Heav'n then has granted my incessant prayer,  
And Gallia, late repentant, spares her king!  
Weeps my lov'd lord?—Perchance thy troubled  
thought,

Toss'd in the wild extremes of joy and grief,  
Pain'd by an ecstasy too highly wrought,  
Has call'd on nature for this soft relief.  
That stifled groan!—Have I not rightly guess'd?—  
Still art thou dumb!—I understand thee now!—  
Cold thrills of agony convulse my breast,  
And the barb'd arrow whizzes through my brow;  
Fast o'er my brain full tides of phrenzy flow—  
Louis! go thou and die—I'll live and laugh at woe!

## SONNET II.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN THE CONCIERGE,  
BY THE SAME PRINCESS.

**I** SCOFF at flatt'ring Hope, and proudly say,  
To pale Suspense, chill Fear, and anxious Care,  
Avaunt! to happier mortals haste away—

One mighty tenant fills my breast—Despair!  
If the vast store of cruelty contains

One new distress, one unexperienced groan,  
Worse than the queen's, the wife's, the mother's  
pains,

Then will I fear, for 'twill be all mine own!  
Come, ye gay followers of my early bloom;

Ye summer friends, who lov'd my garish morn;  
See, in the squalid dungeon's cheerless gloom,

Your idol sits, abandon'd and forlorn:  
In every sound her orphan's shriek she hears,  
In each faint gleam her bleeding lord appears.

The preceding Sonnets were printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*  
for December, 1798.

## SONNET III.

TO THE MOON, WRITTEN IN DEC. 1794.

**I** GAZE on thee, fair planet of the night,  
 While proudly riding through thine azure sphere,  
 And oft I wish to stop thy swift career,  
 To ask in what supernal orb of light,  
 Mid floods of empyrean splendour bright,  
 Resides the friend still to my soul most dear;  
 And oft I call thee to observe the tear,  
 And the deep sigh, which shuns all human sight.  
 My grief is sacred, sacred as the earth  
 Which guards her mortal part, a precious store;  
 'Tis unobtrusive as the modest worth  
 Which charm'd all minds, which bids all hearts de-  
 plore;  
 'Tis like the saint I mourn, of heavenly birth,  
 And points where death can separate no more.

## SONNET IV.

TO HOPE, WRITTEN IN DEC. 1794.

O H! fabling Hope, no more I seek thy shrine  
 With pilgrim steps, nor flowery garlands weave;  
 Didst thou not tell me Heaven would yet relieve  
 The fairest pattern of a mind divine;  
 That goodness, sweetness, candour, sense benign,  
 Might sojourn with us longer, nor receive  
 Its full beatitude? Thou didst deceive,  
 For she is dead, and grief alone is mine.  
 Friend of my soul, and patron of my lay,  
 For thee, amid night's silent hours I mourn;  
 Wing'd by thy converse, once they fled away,  
 Profuse of joys that never will return.  
 Still shall my throbbing heart thy worth display,  
 And still my hands with garlands deck thy urn.

Sonnets III and IV appeared in a provincial newspaper, very soon after the event to which they allude.

## SONNET V.

TO SPRING, 1799.

COME, genial Spring! why stays thy wish'd return?

Remorseless Winter long, with sceptre dread,  
Hath scourg'd the earth: no more the dryads mourn

Their wither'd wreaths—the parent plant is dead.  
Nor can the nymphs thy primrose garlands braid;

The primrose perish'd in the icy storm:  
Nor can the redbreast twitter in the shade;

He sought with feeble wing the cottage warm,  
Reach'd it, and fell. O'erwhelm'd by Alpine snows

The lost ewe feebly for assistance cried,  
Unaided felt the fierce maternal throes,

Mourn'd o'er her frozen young, and patient died.  
Benumb'd by arrowy sleet, the wand'ring swain  
In fatal slumber sunk, and never woke again.

*SONNET VI.*

MAY, TO THE SYLPHS.

**G**O, Sylphs, my roses in the bud emboss'd  
 Have struggled long, impatient to be free;  
 Check'd by the rigours of protracted frost,  
 They wait the call of Zephyrus and me:  
 Go free the pris'ners—'mid the scanty blades  
 Of moorish grass, let yellow cowslips peer;  
 Bid odoriferous hawthorn scent the glades,  
 And hang my mantle on the laughing year:  
 Be every fountain to its bed confin'd;  
 Strew gaudy king-cups o'er the marshy vales,  
 And let the cuckow tell the raptur'd hind  
 That Summer comes, the queen of balmy gales:  
 Burst the soft down that guards the apple's stores,  
 And fence from nightly blasts the peach's swelling  
 pores.

*SONNET VII.*

WRITTEN IN A FINE SUMMER'S EVENING, AFTER  
A VERY HOT DAY.

**H**OT flames the sun from Leo's fervid towers,  
And nature sinks beneath the sultry beam;  
Dropp'd from their stems, the velvet petals seem  
To mourn the ruin of their parent flowers;  
Mute are the songsters in the woodland bowers,  
The naiad pants beside her tepid stream,  
Listless the traveller sinks, an anxious dream  
Haunts him with visions of refreshing showers,  
Till pious evening comes; her balmy breath  
Revives the world to contemplative praise:  
So wakes the spirit from the sleep of death,  
Weary of toilsome life's oppressive days.  
Thus soars all intellect from guilt refin'd,  
To hold communion with its parent mind.

## SONNET VIII.

TO —————

**M**Y absent boy, as through the narrow bound  
 Of your small garden pensively I rove,  
 And while unheeded fragrance blooms around,  
     Muse on your early worth and filial love;  
 Those happy times recalling, when for me  
     You cropp'd the fairest of your flowery care,  
 While your young brothers, with exulting glee,  
     Wound the torn woodbine round their sunny hair.  
 Ah! not for you these early vi'lets blow,  
     Or pensile cowslips hang their honied bells;  
 But virtue's deathless flowers conspicuous grow  
     In crowded cities as in woodland dells;  
 Wear them, my child, through all the fading year;  
 So shall your fair renown your distant parents cheer.

## SONNET IX.

ON THE DEATH OF ———

**A**S some tir'd mourner, worn by pensive care,  
 Listless and faint, yields to unconscious rest,  
 And asks nor poppy nor nepenthe blest;  
 Nor of benignant Sleep, with suppliant prayer,  
 Craves light repose, he on the fallow bare,  
 Or moss grown rock, by iron slumbers press'd,  
 Feels wish'd oblivion hush his throbbing breast,  
 Till blithly wak'd by morning's genial air :  
 So feeble age to the dark couch of death  
 Retires, from lengthen'd life's oppressive storm;  
 Foregoes the labour of protracted breath,  
 And to corruption gives its faded form,  
 Sure that the morning of eternal day  
 Will with immortal powers invest the mould'ring  
 clay.

## SONNET X.

ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

*Supposed to be written by a lover of the Lady to whom it belonged.*

**T**HE warbler wander'd from his native isle,  
 Where torrid suns embrown the palmy grove,  
 In hopes to share the heav'n of Delia's smile,  
 To boast her praises, and to claim her love:  
 Poor bird! alike to thee and me severe,  
 The wretched giver made the gift abhorr'd,  
 She saw thee droop, yet shed no pitying tear,  
 Unlov'd in life, and dying undeplor'd.—  
 Ah! would the fair but deign to deck thy grave,  
 Sense, wit, and taste, the votive flowers should  
     chuse,  
 But thou must lie unwept, unhonour'd, save  
 The cold regards of slighted Henry's muse:  
 Long has he dragg'd a hated captive's chain,  
 But feels too much its anguish to explain.

## INSCRIPTION

IN A FAIRY GROUND AT RUSHTON, NORTH-  
AMPTONSHIRE,

*The Seat of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Cullen.*

COME, trip it through the fairy ground,  
Here Oberon his revel keeps,  
Beneath yon rose his palace stands;  
Tread soft, for now the monarch sleeps.

Until, light glancing through the trees,  
The moon-beams tremble o'er the scene,  
Then loud he winds his agate horn,  
And tiny footsteps print the green.

Stately Ambition, come not nigh,  
Thy haughty tread these flow'rs will wound;  
Unfeeling Avarice, turn aside,  
No buried wealth can here be found.

The liberal mind alone shall ken  
The beauties of yon crystal wave;  
Th' untainted breast alone shall find  
Sweet slumbers in yon moss-grown cave.

## SONG

FOR THE YEOMEN CAVALRY, 1797.

WHEN Britain's offspring knew no more  
Than martial worth and rural toil,  
Ere Science sought her peaceful shore,  
Or Commerce rais'd her golden pile;  
Her yeomen arm'd, they arm'd in Freedom's cause,  
To guard her altars and her laws.

When regal pow'r disdain'd the tie  
By wisdom form'd for public good,  
The feudal Baron rear'd on high  
His standard, red with tyrant's blood;  
His yeomen arm'd, &c.

When foreign foes, intent to shade  
The splendour which eclips'd their own,  
Prepar'd this empire to invade,  
Our yeomen rallied round the throne.  
Again they arm'd, &c.

Uninjur'd through the lapse of years,  
 Our rights and honours thus we trace,  
 The father's worth his name endears,  
 And glory charms his grateful race;  
 Our yeomen arm'd, &c.

The Gallic fiend, whose hateful deeds  
 Prophane the idol it adores,  
 From prostrate Europe now proceeds  
 To threat these sea-defended shores;  
 But yeomen arm'd, all arm'd, &c.

Say, shall they rend Religion's pall,  
 Shall Discord's pike your towns o'erthrow,  
 Shall Honour's blazon'd 'scutcheon fall,  
 And Law her civic crown forego?  
 Let yeomen arm again, &c.

The hardy hand which fram'd the fold,  
 Or strew'd the earth with golden grain,  
 Shall now the burnish'd faulchion hold,  
 Or pleas'd the sprightly war-horse train;  
 And yeomen arm'd, all arm'd, &c.

No more the fair detain the brave,  
They now the crimson standards bring;  
"And haste," they cry, "your country save,  
"Defend your children, wives, and king;  
"For yeomen arm'd, all arm'd in Freedom's cause,  
"Will guard our altars and our laws."

END OF VOL. I.